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JOHN BULL

No. 611. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES BYLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

EXCLUSIVE GIFT TO REGISTERED READERS

Short Cuts to the Divorce Court

by HAROLD OWEN

By Appointment [redacted] to H.M. the King

From Dairies Clean with all its Cream.

The Public can never know all the details of the wonderful carefulness and skill that keep the Nestlé cows in perfect health, and the Nestlé Dairies scrupulously clean and hygienic. But the public know full well the benefits they enjoy as the result of all this — they know that Nestlé's Milk is the Perfection of Purity, and their sure safeguard against the grave risks of milk exposed to contamination. For its goodness and purity use

NESTLÉ'S MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

Cash Prices 6d. and 11½d. per tin.

Nestlé's *Swiss* Milk is now sold in collapsible Aluminium tubes at 7½d. per tube. If you cannot obtain these tubes locally, send 7/6 with name and address of your usual Grocer and we will send you 1 dozen direct, and post free.

Demand Nestlé's — always. It serves you right! ALL WAYS.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.

If unsweetened milk is preferred, demand "IDEAL" (The Everyday Milk) Packed by Nestlé's 4½d. and 8d.

Greatest Free Home Insurance.

It costs you nothing to get these benefits

sign to-day

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of son under similar circumstances.
£250 to £125—in respect of each loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by kitchener pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 to £250—in respect of each loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum paid during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents to Home, Garden, Hotel or Boarding House.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to six weeks for disablement by fracture.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

You can post your Coupon for ½d. now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE

J.B. 5.8.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

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Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. Date.....A full Posting certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B., 5.8.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Date.....

No. 1 One Shilling
Gift Coupon
Free to Registered Readers
This Coupon is worth One Shilling and will be accepted in part payment of any John Bull Pen
Registered reader's registration number if possible
Address JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.

Exclusive Gift — *REGISTERED Readers*

Enormous demand for limited free offer

OUR offer of last week to give the above coupon, value One Shilling, absolutely free to registered readers has met with a great reception. This is the first of a number of offers which we intend to make from time to time to registered readers exclusively. The coupon will be accepted in part payment of any of the "John Bull" Pens illustrated. This brings the prices so low that no registered reader can afford to be without one of these Pens, which, *even at their regular prices* are the biggest bargain in the pen world to-day. Tear off coupon now and enclose with your order. Quote registration number if possible to facilitate reference.

If not registered, do so now, enclosing Gift Coupon with registration form which you will find on this page. Registration entitles you not only to the free gift but also to the benefits of the Greatest Free Home Insurance in the World.

No. 1 "STANDARD" Model; fine quality nickel. Price 10/6. Price 8/-; with coupon, 2/-

No. 2 "DR. LUTHER" Model, hand-somely chased. Price 4/6; with coupon, 3/6

No. 3 "SAFETY" Model, can be carried in any position. Price 6/-; with coupon, 2/-

No. 4 "LEADER." Self-Filling Model, screw cap; worth 17/6. Price 8/6; with coupon, 7/6

All the above fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped.

No. 5 STUB. Equal to any on the market. Price 5/6; with coupon, 2/6

State whether fine, medium or broad nib is required.

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed & CO.

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their doing of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

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MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "JOHN BULL," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades. Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

20/- CAPITAL and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51 and 52, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY REMNANTS (Wholesale).—Reduced prices. 21-page Price List free, full of bargains in General Drapery, Vests, Blouses, Overalls, Hosiery, etc. Try a £1 or £2 Blouse Length Parcel for large profits.—Harry H. Clegg (Dept. B.), 96, High Street, Manchester (the English Firm).

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Send for Catalogue J free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High Street, Manchester.

CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY.—Lowest prices in London. Hundreds of testimonials from satisfied customers from all over England. 4-oz. 2½d. lines, French rock, mxd. fruit toff., buttermilk toff., nut toff., dairy crm. toff., all 5½d. lb.; 4-oz. 3d. lines, pink and white ice 6½d. lb. Summer boilings (20 vars.), milk caramels (wrpd.), coker., jellies, coker. toff, crm, nougat, golden candy, jap jubes, all 7d. lb.; 4 oz. 4d. lines, Butter crms., turk. delight, toff, dainties, liquorice allsorts, chewing nuts, marzipan mixtures, all 10½d. lb.; Amer. gums, 9d lb.; best assorted choco., 11d.., 1/- and 1/2 lb.; hundreds ½d. and 1d. lines, 4/- and 5/- gr.; Swiss milk choc., ½-lb. big pkts., 1/- lb.; gold medal ice-cream pdr., sparkling lem. pdr. and sherbert, 9d. lb.; Govt. stamped brass scales and weights, 32/6 complete. Send £2 for monster sample case, retails £4. Quality guaranteed or money refnd.—Lavell's Kreemo Toffee Works, 71-3, Judd Street, King's Cross.

AGENTS WANTED.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Others from 2/6.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine, (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

RETAILERS' BARGAINS.

CYCLISTS!—The Fitzpatrick new edition of "Highways and Buyways" is more interesting than ever. Customers "flabbergasted" at the unthinkable value of "Captain" Cycles! Tyres of first-class quality at staggering prices! Thousands of accessories. Just two words, "Catalogue, please," and this mighty big book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

CASEMENT CURTAININGS.
Patts. post free. Hemstitched. Inserted. Coloured, Fadeless Cloths. Big reductions. All lines greatly marked down.—Ludlows, 51, The Depot, Bradford.

START Housekeeping with good, clean, wholesome Enamelware. Complete outfit, 18 articles, 22 6.—Direct Sales Service, 27a, Oxford Street, Manchester.

A POSTCARD will bring you price-list and easy terms for Watches, Rings, Cycles, Suits, Raincoats, Boots, Baby Cars, Cutlery, &c., on easy terms from 3/- monthly. Send a postcard to Masters, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, Rye.

WATERPROOF and gas-proof fabrics, suitable for all purposes, new, 24d yard 42 in. wide, fawn or green; cash.—C. G. Spencer and Sons, Ltd., 36, Highbury-grove, London, N.5.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT Lengths and Costume Gabardines. Any colour. Patts. free.—The Bradford Tweed Co., Dept. 10, 1, Manchester Road, Bradford.

BEAUTIFUL LEATHER.—Sale price, 2½d sq. ft. Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for sheet of patts.—Catt, Northampton.

REAL HARRIS TWEED from Loom to wearer, 2/- yard. All wool, hand-made. Patterns free.—Mrs. Morrison (Dept. J.B.), The Looms, Harris, N.B.

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY.

EVERY BEAUTY OF BRITAIN is concentrated in the Isle of Man. Douglas is easy to reach, a haven of joy, bathing, brightness, beauty. Write to Mr. J. Chadwick for his tariff, from 12/- per day, board-residence, at Claremont Hotel, Loch Promenade, Douglas, I.O.M., one of the best in the island. You'll be happy there.

MUSICAL.

MUSIC.—Special advertising offer; 10/- parcel of new Pianoforte Music for 2/6. Money ret. if dissatisfied.—Imperial Mus. Pub. Co., 31, Newman Street, W.1.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambs., South Street, E.C.2.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

KODAK SPOOLS developed, printed and ret. next day. Finest work mod. charges. Camera Bargain List free for stamp. Exch. Appro.—Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 119, New Bond St., London, W.1.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—Make your own P.O.P. Excellent formula by Analyst, equal to leading makes, and full particulars, only 10/2.—Gurney, 4, High Street, Bexley.

THE MANDELETTE Camera takes permanent photographs direct on to postcards and completes the photographs in one minute; no plates, films, printing, or dark-room required. Full instructions with every camera. Price £3 10s. with tripod, 15 cards, and concentrated developer. Pamphlet free on request.—A. E. Norton, 259, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH, straight from sea. Parcels 4/- upwards. Prime quality, cleaned, carriage paid. Fishmongers and Friers supplied.—Pearl Fish Co., Grimsby.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WINDOW DRESSING.—A highly-paid, artistic and interesting profession. Postal tuition, low fees. Booklet free.—Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford St., W.1.

LEARN to write articles and stories; earn while learning. Booklet free.—Regent Inst. (Dpt. 101), 13, Victoria Street, S.W.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour Shorthand. Secure speed of 150 words per minute. First lesson free.—Dutton's College, Desk J., 92-3, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS? If so, a Metropolitan College postal training will enable you to compel high salaried success. Subjects: Accountancy Secretaryship, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Commercial and Company Law, Advertising and Sales Management, Business Organisation, Matriculation and professional Preliminary Examinations. 1,500 successes at professional examinations in 1921. Many intensely practical non-examination courses—moderate fees, by instalments, if desired. "Students' Guide," a handsome volume of 132 pages, free on request.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 31, St. Albans.

LEARN Massage at home and earn big money. Stamp for particulars.—Swedish Massage Institute, 104, Central Chambers Commercial Road, Portsmouth.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1763D), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars stamp.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW to stop Smoking. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. Particulars free.—The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Rackton Road, London, S.W.6.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, Shyness, Blushing.—Interesting book, describing genuine self-cure, sent privately, 3d.—Henry Rivers (Desk 34), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HANDSOME MEN are slightly sunburnt. "Suntan" gives this tint (harmless, genuine, undetectable), 2/-, 3/6.—E. Worth, 25, Westmoreland Road, Bayswater, London.

HOW TO GAIN GLORIOUS HEALTH that never skips a day. A powerful physique, increased stature. A complete education in physical culture for 2/6. Praised by thousands, H.M. The King of Siam, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. *Booklet Free. Write:* PERCIVAL CARNE, CAERPHILLY, CARDIFF. 3.

From a Photo by Personality Photo Press

CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED SUIT.

A 6 GUINEA ALL WOOL Blue Serge SUIT for £3 : 10 : 0

TO MEASURE.

Indigo Dyed, London Shrunk and absolutely guaranteed

ALL WOOL

By Conditioning House Certificate quoted below.

Cut and tailored to your own measurements (we are exclusively measure tailors doing no ready-made trade). You will have a suit produced by experts with eighteen years' actual and practical experience of clothes building.

Report of the Conditioning House on the material from which this remarkable £3 10 0 Blue Serge Suit is made;

"I HAVE ANALYSED THIS PATTERN OF CLOTH, AND FIND IT COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF WOOL." Signed E. H. TOWNEND, for the CITY OF BRADFORD CORPORATION

NO OTHER FIRM IN THE WORLD COULD WORK ON OUR LOW MARGIN OF PROFIT.

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
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Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

£6 : 6 : 0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
The sure guarantee.
To measure
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The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

£10 : 10 : 0
PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS.
The choicest products of our very best English Mills
£5 : 5 : 0
To measure
Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this suit could be wished.

£3 : 3 : 0
ALL-WOOL SPORTS COAT
To measure for
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BOND STREET DRESS SUIT for
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The Perfection of Evening Dress Wear.

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Send for Free Patterns of all these wonderful values.

THE SILENT TAILOR.

With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM (The Silent Tailor), when from your own measures we guarantee your completest satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us, but 2/6 more than has been paid. Could we make such an offer, we ask, were our performance one little whit behind our promise? Obviously not.

YOU HAVE, THEREFORE, NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEING OUR PATTERNS and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else.

WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

S. A. BARRY & CO., Call or Write,

(J.B. Dpt.), 26, City Rd., London, E C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminus.)

A Charming Summer Companion

HOLIDAY reading! How it conjures up some shady nook beside some running stream, or a lazy stretch on the golden sands. And what of the reading? The reading to match this delicious environment is "PAN" with its "15 Best Stories of the Month." There are hours of delight for you under summer skies if you take "PAN" with you on your holidays.

PAN

THE FICTION MAGAZINE
15 Stories for One Shilling.

FOR ACIDITY OF THE SYSTEM, DRINK STRONGLY ALKALINE WATER.

Uric Acids, Stomach acids, and other acidulous impurities which irritate and derange Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, must be neutralised and washed out, say medical men who prove by clinical tests that acids form the primary cause of many painful diseases.

As a chemical works for the manufacture of acids and poisons, the body has many points in common with its commercial prototype. If the much abused kidneys or other filtering and excretory organs should declare a strike, ceasing their labours for only a few hours, the system would soon be so full of poisons that death would quickly result. The acids and poisons are produced by the fermentative action of foods, especially meat foods in combination with the carbo-hydrates or starches, and also in numerous other extremely intricate ways which only medical men understand, and even they often disagree. There is one thing the layman does understand, however; he knows that the acids and poisons have managed to get into his system some way, and that they are not easy to get out. Otherwise he wouldn't suffer rheumatic twinges, stomach misery, and backaches, biliousness, scalding bladder pains, etc., etc. If the filtering, secreting, and digestive organs are not working properly, it soon means impure blood, and impure blood means pain and disease always. People with pure blood do not suffer with serious rheumatism, organic disorders, or poisoned, irritated nerves, lack of energy, "liverishness," and similar forms of ill-health.

Typical specimen of uric acid crystals, highly magnified. No wonder they hurt!

If you want to get the poisons out of the body, don't fill the system with powerful drugs. They may stop the pain temporarily, but they also do other less desirable things. They remind one of the character who, when possessed by a devil, set loose seven others to catch the first, only to find himself possessed in the end by eight devils instead of one. Instead of taking strong medicines which accumulate in the system, try drinking before breakfast, every morning for a week or two, a tumblerful of strong alkaline hot water. Probably the best way to prepare this is by merely dissolving in plain hot water a level teaspoonful of Alkia Saltrates, which any chemist can supply at very slight cost. You will soon be able to bid a final good-bye to any disorder due to harmful acids and impurities in the body, for they will quickly be dissolved, neutralised, and washed out, just as they are when visitors drink exactly similar alkaline waters at some famous and expensive spa.—H. L. M.

No more Eczema or Face Spots

Do you suffer with facial eczema, pimples, or blackheads? If so, suffer no longer, for Antexema removes every spot, rash or sign of eczema. The first touch cools the inflamed surface, and all itching stops immediately. Your skin trouble starts to go away, new skin begins to grow, and day by day your skin looks healthier, until soon every blemish disappears, never to return. But remember! this is only true of Antexema. Get it and away will go your skin trouble. Get anything else and it will continue to plague you. Antexema instantly relieves and quickly cures eczema, pimples, bad legs, bad hands, insects bites and sunburn, rashes, scalp troubles, and every other form of skin illness. Whatever part of the body is affected, or however badly you have been disappointed before, Antexema will surely succeed. Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a creamy liquid, and is invisible on the skin when applied.

Get Antexema To-day.

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores, everywhere. Also at Boots, Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows', at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct, 3s. and 1s. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and Europe.

It is dangerous to neglect nervous symptoms.

Made Helpless by a Fall.

Restored to Perfect Health and Activity by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Miss M. Williams.

Mrs. Blanche Williams, of 14, Temple Street, Rochdale, says:—

"My little daughter, Mary, fell on the edge of a big box and hurt her spine. She didn't seem to feel it much at the time, but soon after I noticed that she walked with a peculiar dragging step, not light and smart as it had been. Then she broke down altogether, and became quite helpless. She had absolutely no power whatever, everything had to be done for her. We carried her up to bed and down again in the morning, and all day long she just lay on a couch as helpless as a baby, more helpless, in fact, for she could not move at all.

"I had advice for her, but no benefit resulted, and cure seemed hopeless, when one day I thought I would try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and got some for Mary. Actually in a week she could move a little and turn over in bed. She went on improving daily, and soon was able to get up and walk round a table. In three months she was cured completely, and is now as well and active as ever in her life."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 3/-

1/3 the smaller size. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Neuritis, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia, Anæmia, Palpitation, Kidney Weakness, Children's Weakness, Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are curing human suffering all over the world.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured under the supervision of skilled chemists in the most perfectly equipped laboratory of its kind in the Empire, by
The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

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Week ending Saturday,
Aug. 5, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9666
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People——→ the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

A Big Gap.

The Cattle Embargo has been lifted by Resolution only. It's a long, long way to legislation.

Sir Die-Hard Griffith-Boscawen.

Asked in the House of Commons to remove the embargo the Minister of Agriculture replied, "I shall do my duty." If he doesn't he will very soon be off duty.

Put and Take.

The Coalition's progress becomes more and more like a game of Put and Take, with each side accusing the other of doing all the taking.

Hide and Sikh.

The Government ought to be warned at once that certain Sikh agitators are secretly fomenting trouble in India. Prevention is better than cure.

Germans Preferred.

Sir William Meyer, the High Commissioner for India, addressing a meeting of M.P.s the other day, defended the placing of Indian contracts in Germany. Did we, or did we not, win that war?

Hand and Glove.

Lloyd George took his gloves off to his Liberal supporters when they saw him about fabric gloves. He later put his Whips on. Off and on in fact.

Wild Wales.

"We are doing our best," said the Premier, replying to questions on unemployment. The soft answer turns away wrath—only they don't seem to have heard of this in Pontypridd

The Non-Smoking Chancellor.

Sir R. P. Houston, M.P., and the Lord Chancellor are going off for a holiday together. This is cruel on Lord Birkenhead, whose recreation will consist in watching his host smoking cigars.

Irish Hope Deferred.

It is an open secret that the Irish Constitution will not now be ready at the appointed time. One of the final acts of the new Session will be to prolong that date. And some people fondly believe we have achieved an Irish settlement.

The Goose and the Gander.

Certain Labour extremists want legislation to make a ballot of shareholders compulsory before a lock-out. What about a compulsory ballot of trade union members before a strike?

Charity Begins at Home.

This is million penny week for the Russian orphans, strongly supported, with international loyalty, by the *Daily Herald*. Help the Russian kiddies, by all means, but don't forget we have hundreds of thousands of war orphans of our own.

The Irish Bill.

Before the Chief Secretary for Ireland goes he ought to make it clear to the Irish combatants who propose to make a desert in Ireland and call it peace, that England will *not* pay the bill. Those who call the tune must pay the piper.

The Open Door.

Sir John Butcher is trying to get our supine Government to do something about the German war criminals who have "escaped" from prison. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is shocked; Germany is tickled to death. This country is angry and humiliated.

The Fairy Tales of Science.

The scientists at the British Association are terrifying us with hordes of new and unfriendly tribes of microbes. We decline to be downhearted. The menace has threatened the human race for millions of years. Even if the microbe experts were agreed, humanity would continue to "muddle through."

Boomerang or Bouquet?

"Cabinet Ministers, loyal to the Premier and their colleagues, sometimes hanker after the guiding principle of common-sense. Mr. Stanley Baldwin is a brilliant exception." The compliment is not ours. It is an extract from a speech of Sir W. Watson Rutherford. Some politicians are adepts at flattery. Sir W. Watson Rutherford is a brilliant exception.

The Circumlocution Office.

The country needs typists, and advertises for them—if they are qualified "in a temporary 'super-clerical' capacity in a Government Department as defined in paragraph 35 of the Third Interim Report of the Lytton Committee." Does the inspired ass who wrote this advertisement think out-of-work typists buy Blue Books for fun?

Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

British Communists complain that British Labour leaders have accepted middle-class ideology. According to Mlle. Isadora Duncan, Russian Bolsheviks go to dinner parties in evening dress. Scratch a Russian, you find a Tartar; dress a Communist, you find a bourgeois.

Costly Litigation.

The *Weekly Dispatch* says the Russell case cost between six and seven thousand pounds. The *Daily News* says it cost twenty thousand. These profound and knowledgeable authorities can't both be right. In any event, law costs are a crying scandal.

The Day.

The French Chamber has decided to make November 11th an annual public festival. It has the courage of its convictions. If our Government had not enough courage to set such an example it should at least follow it. Is it ashamed of victory?

The Quick and the Dead.

Winston was greatly shocked when Mr. Erskine, M.P., told him that the assassin of Miss Lomax, at Jerusalem, who Mr. Churchill assured us was executed, is alive and well to-day. Really, Winston, in the intervals of acquiring new hats, ought to acquire a few facts.

Black and White.

Everybody has been commenting on the obvious reluctance of some witnesses at the *Egypt* inquiry, to admit that white sailors are better in an emergency than black. Is there anything behind it? You should hear—or rather you should not—what other sailormen are saying about it.

The Freedom of the Seas.

Mr. "Prohibition" Appleby, U.S.A., wants Great Britain to punish British captains who sell liquor to American rum-running craft in the Bahamas. Appleby's mistake: the British captains are not breaking British laws. Nor do the Bahamas belong to Uncle Sam—yet.

Search Their Pockets.

"If you think you are rich," said Mr. Justice Darling, in a case where Coueism was mentioned, "you have, until you are undeceived, all the advantages of wealth." The Germans on this plan, by thinking and saying that they are poor, are seeking all the advantages of poverty. It is time they were undeceived.

Countess and Court.

Why did Lord Blackburn hear the Countess of Eglinton's divorce petition at the Edinburgh Court of Sessions 15 minutes before the usual time for the Court to assemble? The case was over before the "audience" arrived at 10 o'clock. As the lady involved has a title, such a proceeding is apt to cause a suspicion of differentiation in the treatment of the "lady and Judy O'Grady."

Meanness to the Maimed.

Employers cannot restore an eye lost in their service, but they at least need not be niggardly in compensation. In a case at Edmonton in which a lad of 16 was induced by Messrs. N. Wood and Son, Ltd., to accept £75, his Honour Judge Crawford declared that the sum was simply ludicrous, and absolutely refused to sanction it. To attempt to take a mean advantage of an injured boy's ignorance of such matters is despicable.

Easy to Talk.

It was all very well—when discharging the middle-aged wife of a Lieutenant-Colonel accused of shoplifting—for Mr. Waddy, the Tower Bridge Magistrate, to say that had she been a working woman, "after hearing the same evidence, I should have had nothing but sympathy for you." We fear, nevertheless, that a poor woman, undefended by eloquent Counsel, would have stood a poor chance in like circumstances.

Straining at Gnats.

So long as the well-to-do man can "back his fancy" by telephone without interference, so long shall we protest against the senseless and malicious persecution of the "bookie's" agent who does his business in shillings in the open street. Why Sergeant Willetts, R.A.S.C., should have been fined £10 at Aldershot for "loitering for betting purposes," when, on the admission of the Police Superintendent, he had the reputation of being a thoroughly honest and trustworthy bookmaker, we really cannot see.

Very Uncousinly.

Robert MacDonald, a young carpenter, went to Canada in 1916 in search of fortune; but, committing what was described as "a very petty offence," he was early this year deported by the Canadian authorities and landed, penniless, at Southampton. Were we to deport every Canadian in England who commits "a very trivial offence," we should have to charter a special steamer to send them home.

A Mean Bristol Woman.

Florence Kate Stone, of Oldland, Bristol, was found guilty of the despicable action of stealing £35 7s. 5d. from a woman, with a name similar to her own, who was entitled to this gratuity in respect of her dead soldier husband. The prisoner spent the money in having a good time, and was sentenced to one month's imprisonment—which will provide a suitable period to ponder over her cruelty towards a hero's widow.

Asking for More.

Most old "lags" would sooner do three or more years' penal servitude than eighteen months' hard labour; but they have not all the presence of mind to ask for the longer sentence. Frank Yard, however, recently got the "extension" he asked for by pleading to the Bristol Recorder that "three years" would give him a chance to learn a trade in prison. We are, however, by no means sure that a Judge is entitled to lengthen a sentence on such a plea.

Johnson's Justice.

It is utterly astonishing that Mr. S. F. Johnson, and other Southend Town Councillors who have expressed strong opinions in the Council Chamber on the subject of Sunday kinemas, should sit in judgment on the matter in their capacity as Justices of the Peace. A solicitor said of Mr. Johnson that he was so prejudiced that "1,000 witnesses would make no difference to his opinion." If he and others in like case had persisted in their refusal to withdraw, they would have laid themselves open to the severest criticism.

Much Ado About Mushrooms.

The mushroom is a fungus. It is differentiated from what is popularly called the toadstool simply because it is edible and nourishing, whereas the latter is a very doubtful article of diet. Why, in these circumstances, a couple of lads should be fined 10s. each at Nuneaton for gathering the succulent fungi, which had cost no one a penny to grow, we fail to see.

Weary of Waiting.

A reader who registered at the Westminster Labour Exchange, on June 12th, is still without either work or unemployment pay. Perhaps they imagine that because he is a well-educated public school man with splendid testimonials he cannot possibly be in immediate need, but the local pawnbrokers and wardrobe dealers can bear witness to his distress. Will the Divisional Officer please sit up and take notice?

Lying in State.

Owing to there being no mortuary at Nantwich, the bodies of those who die mysteriously or by their own hand in the Valley of Saltworks are laid in a stable, where the rats may get at them. The Coroner states that he called the attention of the Council to this disgrace to the town years ago. Common decency demands that this revolting state of things should be remedied without further delay.

Road Hogs at Denbigh.

Lloyd Davies, in a motor car, and John Davies, on a motor cycle, endeavoured to race each other on the highway at Ruabon, Denbigh—which was great sport for them, but exceedingly dangerous for the public. A cyclist was knocked down and a crowd was scattered. The men were fined five pounds for dangerous driving, but the crowd wanted to throw them over a wall. A much more suitable punishment for road hogs!

Photos and Filth.

The sort of business done by the man Griggs, trading as Zinovia & Co., of Palmers Road, London, S.W., could scarcely be done except through the mediums in which he advertises. His traffic was discovered, it seems, as a result of some of the photos, addressed to a boy at a public school, being intercepted by his housemaster. The man was fined £20 and £10 10s. costs; but the papers which inserted his advertisements ought to be equally punished.

Dangerous "Restrainers."

Although we have repeatedly commented on cases in which infants have been strangled by the "restrainers" used to keep them from falling out of bed, none of the medical or nursing staff of the Eastern Hospital at Hackney who gave evidence at an inquest in which the question arose had ever heard of an accident from their use. It would greatly relieve the anxiety of parents of little patients if some safer method could be devised.

Asking for It.

The Northleach (Gloucester) Council seem to be related to the proverbial daughters of the horse-leech, judging from an advertisement for a married couple at £100 a year as caretakers of their Isolation Hospital. The man has to look after the grounds and do any other work required, while his wife, a qualified nurse, is expected to do the cooking, washing and cleaning as well as nursing. Perhaps a donkey would be thrown in to do the really hard work.

"WOMAN'S WHOLE EXISTENCE"

A Working Woman's Point of View

THERE may have been a time when Love *was* a "Woman's whole existence." That was when a girl's father kept her till she was seventeen, on the distinct understanding that after that age she had obtained some other man who was willing to keep her for the rest of her life. Many people seem to regret that time, and on the principle that if you shut your eyes to a thing it ceases to exist, they make pathetic efforts to persuade themselves and other people that woman's life is just as it was fifty years ago.

It is not.

We feel grateful to the author who has written a book protesting against the over-emphasis on sex in modern fiction. There has been a flood of literature in the last five years insisting on the overwhelming part played by sex in a woman's life. The truth is, that thousands of women would live happily and usefully all their lives, and know no sex interest, were it not for the fact that they happen to marry, and in consequence have their sex nature aroused. If they had not married they would have been unconscious of any such desire as we are told makes up a woman's whole existence.

It is preposterous that women should be informed that they are failures because they do not marry or produce children.

There are other things in life besides motherhood. It is a thousand times more important to care for, and legislate for children already born than simply to produce more children because it is supposed to be the correct thing to do.

Women have been successful as wives and mothers, but they are needed just as much as doctors, teachers, statesmen, magistrates, speakers, councillors and lawyers. The mother-instinct can be expressed in social service and, is being so expressed. To the normal, healthy woman of to-day, with her ever-widening opportunities of self-expression, sex becomes a mere incident, and in some cases not even that. It is well that it should be so, and it would be well for modern novelists to recognise the fact.

Tragedy at Calne.

Three young boys living on bread and potatoes, mother dead, father looking for work. Such was the story related to the Calne Bench, when Percy Chamberlain, the father, was charged with abandoning his children. Chamberlain bore an excellent army character and was discharged, but the tragedy remains. And will do so until the nation looks after her own.

A Barrow Brute.

A little Barrow girl was decoyed into a wood by Walter Francis Rawlinson, on the pretext that he was taking her to a troop of girl guides, and was abominably assaulted by him. Rawlinson pleaded mistaken identity, but Mr. Justice Rigby Swift did not hesitate to send him to three years' penal servitude. The fouler the deed the longer the sentence was doubtless in the Judge's mind.

Filth at Birmingham.

At Birmingham Police Court, Frank William Cavanagh was charged with sending indecent letters to an artist's model who advertised for work. Lord Ilkeston (the Stipendiary) described the letters as disgusting, but ordered only a ten-pound fine, as they did not reach the girl! This was not Cavanagh's fault, however, who may consider himself a very lucky man. The inside of a gaol should have been his lot.

A Fine for Fiends.

The names of David and George James, father and son, farmers of Llangefelach, near Swansea, deserve to be blotted from the roll of decent men. They were convicted of cutting holes an inch long and half an inch deep in the ears of fifteen sheep as a branding mark. For this hideous cruelty they were merely fined £5 each by the Swansea Bench. Wales will soon win a reputation for callousness.

Houses Wanted at Bromwich.

The death of Elizabeth Rowlinson, in a caravan at West Bromwich, disclosed a revolting state of affairs. The van was only nine feet long, six feet four inches wide, and five feet high. Mrs. Rowlinson and her daughter slept on a bed three feet wide, and her husband and son slept under the bed. There were no sanitary arrangements at all, and the van reeked with disease. These terrible facts point to one moral—the urgent need for more houses!

Enlightened Luton.

Luton appears to be blessed with an enlightened Bench. The other day, when they found that a lad of twelve, brought up for selling papers in the streets, was one of a family of eighteen children, whose father earned only 44s. a week, the Chairman refused to convict, and endorsed the opinion of the Clerk that "it was a pity the Education Authorities did not wink at the offence." But is there any body more soulless than the average local Education Authority?

A Lapse in the Law.

When a Judge expresses regret that he is powerless to impose fitting punishment, something is wrong with the law. In sentencing two South Wales shunters to three years' penal servitude for criminal assault at Barry, Mr. Justice Roche declared that both deserved a flogging, but complained that he was unable to order it. "The cat" is reserved for offenders against girls up to the age of thirteen. It should be available for use on the foul bodies of brutes who criminally assault girls or women of any age.

Humanity for Horses.

Humanity won the second reading of Lord Lamborne's Exportation of Horses Bill in the House of Lords. The Earl of Ancaster, opposing the second reading, said he did not believe there is any cruelty in the horse export trade, "but, of course, when the horse had gone abroad he did not know what happened." That may be, but many other people do.

Houses.

Though, of course, he cannot say what the Rent Restriction Act Committee will decide, Sir Kingsley Wood, of the Ministry of Health, believes it will be "impossible to permit the Rent Act entirely to lapse." This is about as safe as saying that two and two make four. As long as there is widespread lack of housing accommodation tenants must be protected.

Eccleshall Forgets the Children.

The children at Hilderstone, Eccleshall, are taught under shocking conditions. The Medical Officer recently presented a disastrous report regarding the school premises, and the Inspector of Nuisances declared that the sanitary arrangements were deplorable. Someone should get busy at once. The health of the children must not be jeopardised.

The Doctor's Dilemma.

The British Medical Association have decided that if a medical witness in a Court of Law refuses to disclose what he has learned in his professional capacity, they will examine the facts, and if they agree that he has proper grounds for his refusal they will financially and morally support him in it. But a doctor who so refuses is liable to committal for "contempt," and even the Association cannot get a man out of gaol once he is in it.

"1 o 1 for the Brave."

Just after losing her husband, an ex-officer of the R.N.A.S., whose death was hastened by wounds received in action, Mrs. Clara Adelaide Waite, of Guildford, poisoned herself. "I am hoping God will let me join my beloved husband," was her last message. The Great War still takes its toll.

The Quality of Mercy.

Mr. Wilberforce, the Old Street Magistrate, lives up to the high humanitarian principles of the great liberator whose name he bears. On learning that if he dealt leniently with a man who pleaded guilty to a charge of theft his employer would take him back, he said, in effect, "Go and sin no more!" The erring one and his wife and family may well live to bless his name for that timely act of mercy.

Live and Let Starve.

A deaf old woman living at Fulham was granted an old age pension of 2s. on her representation that she earned 12s. a week doing needlework, and then summoned for making a false statement when it was discovered that her employers considerately allowed her an additional 6s. a week towards her bus fares. Some of these officials would snatch a sweet out of a baby's mouth.

Brighton Prudes.

The authorities at Brighton seem determined to play the rôle of Mrs. Grundy, for they summoned three lady visitors for not entering the sea from machines. The ladies wore long cloaks over their bathing costumes, and there was not the faintest suspicion of impropriety. The Bench rightly turned the matter into a farce, and ordered the girls to pay ninepence each as costs. A very discreditable prosecution!

ADVICE to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER

by ARNOLD BENNETT

THE recent tendency of our economical Government to charge the public for the privilege of entering picture galleries and museums which belong to the public has not met with universal approval. Why? Saving is always saving.

On a rough calculation it costs three millions a day to govern us, and by the strictest cheeseparing enough might be saved on galleries and museums to run the country for five minutes. Who shall sneer at five minutes? True, to make the public pay admission fees to see public treasures would keep poor people away. But poor people are a great nuisance in public buildings. The fact is that they must be watched by officials whose time might be passed more advantageously.

And there is no absolute need to spend the money obtained for admission fees on governing us still more. The money might be spent on purchasing fresh treasures of art. True, the large public would never see the fresh treasures, but the fresh treasures would be there for experts to gloat over, and that is of course the principal thing.

It seems to me that the new device for economising might be carried a lot further. Is it not monstrous that people should be given free entry into our magnificent cathedrals and churches? Would it not be more proper that those persons who wish to commune with heaven in the historical sacred edifices of this realm should put down first a silver coin and then be clicked through a turnstile? And we must not forget the splendid parks of London and of the provincial cities. Look at Hyde Park, which may well call itself the national park, with its rhododendrons, herbaceous borders, green lawns, dells, trees, and bands of music! How much longer shall we practise the wild, wasteful lavishness of letting citizens wander gratis in this expensive paradise? The citizens actually leave bits of paper lying about; they actually impair the grass by walking on it; and we have to maintain officials who devote their whole time to picking up the bits of paper and nursing the wounded grass back to health. Such a state of affairs is fantastic and grotesque, and should be altered immediately.

Nor should reform stop here. Admittedly Britain is the greatest country on earth, the best governed, the most free, the safest. Any Government that knew its business would make a charge to citizens for the privilege of being alive on this unique island. A shilling a day seems ridiculously cheap for such a privilege, when the cost of dying and being buried is as heavy as it is nowadays. A shilling a day per head would give the Government considerably over seven hundred millions per annum to play with—sufficient to pay the salaries of a couple of million more Government officials. No Government can have too many officials. Our present Government is asleep to vast and beautiful possibilities.

RONALD TRUE'S BID FOR FREEDOM

Influences at Work to Secure His Liberty

IT is absolutely essential that the name of Ronald True should be kept fresh in the public mind. As a rule notoriety is but short lived, and the names of those connected with "famous" cases very often become but a lingering memory within the period of a few months. New sensations occur to occupy the mind, and the old ones are almost forgotten.

We have a very good reason for wanting to keep green the memory of True, otherwise one of the biggest scandals of modern times is likely to develop into an even greater scandal. The whole fact of the matter is that unless a very careful watch is kept upon this man, who is supposed to be insane, he will be out of Broadmoor within twelve months. He will be released to a semi-nursing home for a brief period, and then set at liberty.

No doubt this bold statement will be met with such ejaculations as "Absurd" and "Preposterous" by many of our readers who have but a vague notion of the manner in which State officials work.

No doubt the Home Secretary would like to dismiss a distasteful topic with a cynical smile. But such an attitude will not satisfy us by any means. Last week we challenged Mr. Shortt to produce a list of the names of the people who have been released from prison in recent years, long before their actual time had expired. We still await the reply.

To-day we challenge him to produce a list of the names of men who have been found guilty of murder and sentenced to death; men who instead of going to the gallows have found a temporary haven of rest at Broadmoor, and who after a very brief sojourn have been given their entire freedom.

We ask this question because, when the Home Secretary was pressed upon the subject as to what would happen to True in the event of the mind of this scoundrel returning to its normal state of vacuity, the reply left one guessing as to whether he would go to a penal prison or to the gallows.

We do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Shortt—or any other Home Secretary for that matter—will be able to answer our questions offhand. But we do suggest that if he got one or two of his permanent officials to spend a little time looking through the documents at hand, and persuaded them to produce facts, he would get more than a mild shock, and if the public were permitted a glimpse of the same information they would rub their eyes and ask in horror, "Can this be true?"

Cabinet Ministers take too much for granted. They are quite content to allow the permanent officials to muddle through as best they can, and the biggest muddle of all is to be found at the Home Office. What does it matter to them if a murderer is set at liberty after a quiet rest extending over a period of twelve months at Broadmoor—so long as the public have forgotten all about him or are serenely ignorant of his whereabouts?

In twelve months time True will have been forgotten—or at least he would if we intended to keep our mouth closed. But we shall watch him and his movements as carefully and with the tenacity of the influential circle of people who are already scheming to secure an early release.

Whatever Whitehall may say to the contrary, we repeat that the murderer of Gertrude Yates *has* got friends who have never ceased to exert their influence on his behalf. And True himself would be the last man to deny it. In fact, he even boasts about it.

At Broadmoor True is making himself utterly distasteful to the other "lunatics" on account of his braggadocio. He simply gloats over the details of his exploits with girls, and generally behaves as if the place belonged to him. If laziness is a sign of insanity we are ready to grant that he is stark, staring mad, but his madness is of the type that afflicts the March hare.

Long before he killed his defenceless victim he was just as much an idiot as he is now, and just as boastful. Obviously he was a born fool, but a lunatic only when it suits his purpose.

To-day he is openly boasting of his early release. "Mum will get me out all right," he assures all and sundry, "the public soon forget." When others speak of future events he breaks in with the observation, "But I shan't be here then," or "You will be here longer than I shall." There is a greater measure of truth in these apparently facetious remarks than it is pleasant to contemplate.

This "lunatic" who is costing the country £400 a year is allowed an additional £150 a year from considerate friends outside, so that the comforts of his life of placidity shall not be disturbed.

It is the imperative duty of the Home Office to send this arrogant brute to a place where he will be made to realise that murder is not a toy for fools to play with—a place from which there is no easy road of release. Real Justice, of course, would point to the gallows, and there would be very few tears shed if True were made to pay the supreme penalty to-morrow!

RUIN—AND RELEASE

The Story of Two Girls

SIX years in an industrial school for a girl of ten!

Try to imagine what this means.

Six years in a breeding-place for crime, where the inherently vicious, precociously acquainted with evil, mingle with the innocent victims of a momentary temptation, teach them to make light of the little wrong they have done, and convert a trivial lapse into a lasting habit.

That is the fate to which Margaret Adams Irvine, a ten-year-old school girl of Dundee, has been consigned for the crime of having stolen a doll.

Six years—for the thoughtless theft of a doll! Six years' severance from her home and parents!

Alexina Troup, a fifteen-year-old girl clerk—also of Dundee—was more fortunate. She was put on probation for six months—which means immediate release.

But—she had not stolen a doll. She had merely filched £100 odd from her employers.

Moreover, she was older than poor Margaret by five years, and consequently could not be expected to know any better.

We do not say her punishment should have been more severe; but we cannot help comparing it with the savage treatment of little Margaret Irvine, still such a child that she must steal a doll.

God help Dundee if it does not know better how to treat its children.

HOUSING HORRORS

Vile Living Conditions of the Poor

SOMETHING must be done, and that quickly, to remove from this country the scandal and the scourge of inadequate house accommodation. The straits to which some families are reduced, to assure even the poorest shelter, are harrowing.

Rather than resort to the workhouse—to enter which means the separation of wife from husband, and sometimes children from their mothers—derelict tramcars, abandoned huts, ruins, makeshift tents, tool-sheds, pigsties—even chicken-houses—have been requisitioned by the homeless as their only havens of refuge from the weather.

Municipal enterprise has done much to alleviate suffering; but the high rents of the new houses, combined with trade depression and consequent unemployment, have prevented hundreds of poor families from improving their conditions.

Unquestionably the greatest evil arising from the present state of affairs is overcrowding. Disease and vice in their worst forms spring therefrom like foul growths from matter in decay. Recent disclosures of the circumstances in which certain families in the poorer parts of the Manchester district have been, and are at present, living are appalling in their vileness.

We know of one case in which it was necessary for a boy of 12 to sleep with his sister, aged 19, with the consequence that he contracted a disease and had to be taken away for treatment.

In another case a girl of 11 slept with two brothers. She also fell a victim to the same horrible complaint. This revolting promiscuity was made more or less necessary by the fact that eleven persons were compelled to live in a house rented at 4s. 3d. a week.

Families who enjoy the felicity of living in "desirable villa residences with all modern conveniences" cannot realise the shocking extremities to which some of their less fortunate fellow-citizens are driven. A typical instance occurred not long since at Worthing where a child died in a small house occupied by nineteen people. The conditions under which these people lived were described by the Coroner as awful, and responsible to a great extent for the death of the infant.

We could multiply this example a hundredfold, mentioning, for instance, a five-roomed dwelling in which sixteen people find shelter, including two mothers with young babies, and a girl in the last stage of consumption.

If overcrowding, with all its attendant evils, must be one of the products of civilisation, the sooner we return to healthy savagery the better.

DOCKYARD DERELICTS

Pathetic Plight of Portsmouth

PORTSMOUTH, which was such a busy hive of industry during the war, is now a city of dreadful derelicts.

Through pouring rain a long weary procession of unemployed wends its way to the workhouse to demand work or maintenance. The melancholy ranks contain many ragged and dejected men whose haggard faces show signs of starvation, and women whose eyes are dull with despair.

They follow a banner with the flaming, scarlet device, "1914, the Fight for Britain; 1922, the Fight for Bread!"

Outside the workhouse gates, their leader clambers on to the iron railings and urges them, in spite of their dreadful privations, to behave properly and set an example to the whole unemployed organisations of England.

They respond nobly to his appeal, and wait patiently while a deputation pleads their pitiful plight.

The deputation returns with a promise that the matter of relief will be looked into as soon as possible.

A famished wretch, ruined in the war, with a consumptive wife, and two children, who is receiving only five shillings a week, laughs bitterly and cries aloud, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

It is not a pretty picture, though it is one to ponder over.

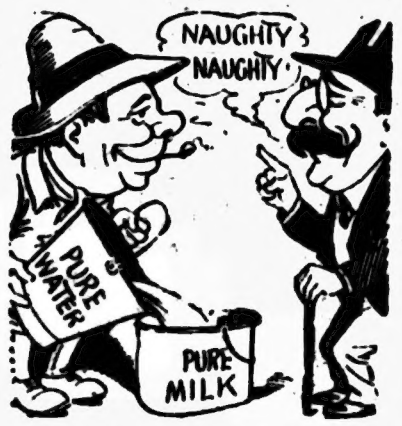
THE EIGHTH TIME ROUND

"Keep going, John, the first seventy years of peace are always the worst."

(August 4 marks the eighth anniversary of our declaration of War.)

Our Weekly KINEMA

When David heard the other day
The news of Pontypridd,
He gasped, and then was heard to say,
"Well, this puts on the lid."



Mond thinks to milkmen of this kind
Our cruel hearts should soften;
And so such thieves must not be fined
Unless they rob us often.

Observe our "noble" friend, also
The robes in which they don him;
He never bought his honour—no!
He had it thrust upon him.

Gas companies have grown "discreet"
For now they raise their terms
By charging—not by cubic feet—
But something they call "therms."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To Viscountess ASTOR, M.P.,
4, St. James's Square, S.W.1.

DEAR NANCY,—You were very rude to Sir George Hamilton when he ventured to suggest that the Criminal Law Amendment Bill was designed to protect not only young girls, but also young boys. You told him that he knew nothing about the matter, and that he would not know as much about it as you did if he lived to be a hundred. Now this sort of thing may be all right in your native country, but it doesn't cut any ice here. In connection with this particular Bill you are obviously obsessed with the feminine side of the problem to the exclusion of the masculine, which does not do much credit to your intelligence.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman of MAGISTRATES,
Southport.

SIR,—You recently sentenced a young girl of 17, Lauretta Coyne, of South Shields, to three months' imprisonment for sleeping out of doors, while some little while ago you gave an elderly man two months in the Second Division for assaulting a little girl of eight. The intolerable severity of the one sentence, and the deplorable insufficiency of the other, show that you are utterly devoid of a sense of proportion. Lauretta Coyne's case is clearly one that must be brought to the notice of the Home Secretary. And I trust that the feeling it has aroused in Southport will be sufficiently strong to sweep you and your colleagues off the Bench.

JOHN BULL.

To ARTHUR GREGORY,
Baker, Brentford.

SIR,—The Magistrates at Brentford apparently have the same lax ideas about cruelty to animals as I have noticed in other parts of the country. You put a cat into a small bucket to drown, and when it crawled out, your assistant hit it with a stick. Half an hour later, finding it still alive, he hit it on the head again, and you then threw it into a hole and buried it. The Bench held that this was nothing worse than carelessness, and fined you ten shillings, letting off your assistant, James Winter, altogether. It was not carelessness, but callousness, and for such inhuman conduct you both deserved severe punishment.

JOHN BULL.

To OSWALD MOSLEY, Esq., M.P.,
105, Mount Street, W.

DEAR SIR,—I see that the Harrow Unionist Association take exception to your independent attitude in the House of Commons, and call upon you to give the Party your "loyal support"—in other words, follow your leader through the Division Lobby and do as you are told. I am glad to see that you have refused to trot to the crack of the Whip. Far too many Members are mere voting machines. It is *men* like yourself, not sheep, that I want to see in the House.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. J. A. JEFFS,
Ye Olde Bath House Cafe, Barmouth.

MADAM,—You have been summoned and fined for keeping your café open on Sundays. If it is any consolation to you, you have my warmest sympathy. The Sunday Observances Act, under which you were summoned, is a stupid anachronism and should have been repealed ages ago. It says little for the common-sense of Barmouth that it was put into operation against you.

JOHN BULL.

To Lt.-Col. J. HALL, D.S.O., M.P.,
House of Commons.

DEAR COLONEL,—Keep up your strength and stick to this Canteen business. All the Government gang are out to cover it up, but I'm behind you. I always back the soldier who stands by his pals.

JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge CLUER,
County Court, Shoreditch.

SIR,—I am glad to see that you are down upon moneylenders who victimise the small borrower by charging him a penny interest per shilling per week. It does not sound much when you are borrowing, but when it comes to paying back it turns out to be four hundred and twenty per cent. per annum! Albert Mashin, who had been victimised in this way by a moneylender named Henry Jarman, had the good sense to come to you, and so got off lightly. If Mr. Jarman's other victims would do the same, he would soon be forced to *work* for his living.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. HENRY MITCHELL,
Brighton.

SIR,—You have given up your job as a commercial traveller at £600 a year, bought a newspaper with your last penny, and registered a vow that you will never touch money again as long as you live. Having come to the conclusion that money is the cause of all the unhappiness in the world, you propose to go about the country "spreading the gospel of cheerfulness and goodwill." Your wife, I notice, has promised to give up her life to your mission whenever you want her to do so. If the poor lady is well advised, she will either get you put into an institution where you will be looked after or, if she considers you sane, get a magisterial Order to force you to support her, as I presume you promised to do when you led her to the altar.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. POWER WILLIAMS,
Vicar of Penydoylan and Chaplain to Mr. Justice Roche.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose a Judge's Chaplain has to be a little flattering to his Lordship occasionally, but in a recent Assize sermon you rather overdid it. There had been many better sermons preached from the Judge's chair, you said, than from the pulpit of the churches. I have heard some pretty rotten sermons from both places, so I won't dispute your accuracy; but I would point out that sermons delivered by a Judge are just as inappropriate as judgments delivered by a parson. Let each stick to his job!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. CECIL H. TAYLOR,
President of the Imperial Society of Dance Teachers.

SIR,—You have no doubt observed that dancing and talking do not go well together. You talk a great deal too much. "There was a time," you sententiously observe in your latest oration, "when the pretty girl could get as many partners as she wanted. But it is not so now. In these days the man does not care what his partner looks like as long as she can dance." All I can say is, that if you know as little about dancing as you seem to know about psychology, you ought to look out for another job.

JOHN BULL.

To HAROLD MAJOR,
Farmer, Woollerton, Shropshire.

SIR,—At the inquest on William Jervis, a lad of 17, who died from injuries received by being run into by a motor car, you stated that while motoring you saw an object in the road. Finding the object was a youth, you placed him at the side of the road and drove home. I have met some pretty callous brutes in my time, but you would be hard to beat.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Viscount CURZON, M.P.,
35, Curzon Street, Mayfair.

Sorry to see you summoned for being in possession of firearms without a licence. You are probably much less dangerous with a gun than a motor car.

JOHN BULL.

We pay Accident Claims and Death Claims, too!

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

Checking the Road Hog

WE take off our hat to the Magistrates of Carlisle. These wise men of the North have intimated their intention to send to prison, without the option of a fine, any person found guilty of drunkenness while in charge of a motor vehicle. We also commend their common-sense attitude to other Benches.

Intoxicated motorists form the greatest peril to road users of every description, and following them pretty closely as public pests to be wiped out at all costs are their kith and kin who are never satisfied unless rushing along the countryside and through towns and villages at a reckless speed.

Both types have a callous disregard for human life. They seem to hold the peculiar belief that the roads were made specially for them, and that slower moving vehicles and pleasure seeking pedestrians are insufferable objects hindering progress.

Every day brings fresh instances of the road hog's mad careering, involving death or serious injury to the innocents. Every week, almost, during the last few months we have had occasion to draw attention to the doings of one or another of these modern Jehus, and we have never ceased in our urgent behest to Magistrates and Judges to deal more rigorously with madmen who show little or no consideration for the rest of humankind.

Sooner or later there will be an eruption of public feeling against every motorist. The innocent majority will suffer because of the reckless minority who are bringing motoring into disrepute. The authorities will wake up only when they read of a father, driven to despair by the sight of the mangled form of his little child wreaking his own vengeance.

The time to take action is now. Delay is dangerous. The present penalties are ridiculously inadequate. Reforms must be made and wider powers given to Magistrates for dealing with road-hogs who are turning the highways and by-ways into death-traps.

A Cabinet of Shirkers

SIR ALFRED MOND, bluntlytold that his Department was an impediment to marriage, blandly replied that "people could not have married and not found anything of a home." Sir Alfred, who lives in a stately Belgravian mansion, is in abyssmal ignorance of the hardships suffered by hundreds of thousands of families up and down the land, seeking a suitable home to bring up their children, and hopelessly unable to find it.

The housing problem existed before the war, he pleads. It exists in an acute form in Germany, he says. You cannot reduce taxation and spend more money on housing, he declares.

The plain truth is that the Government is playing with the question, and Sir Alfred Mond plays only a little less dexterously than the rest. This Government will act on no important issue except under the imperative pressure of public opinion, acting through its most formidable agent, the Press.

Cabinet Ministers have lost the sense of initiative. They are content to lead their regiments from behind. Pressed for a remission of rates on new houses, the Minister of Health said that it was a line that deserved investigation: he must consult the Cabinet. He will do nothing unless the Press and the public stand to their guns and bombard him into action.

Meantime Parliament is able to rise for its summer holiday—three pleasant months of dalliance. Ministers have persuaded themselves, and each other, that they need a rest. They are exhausted fiddling with the House of Lords reform, about which nobody cares a brass farthing; they have done nothing for unemployment and housing!

Most of them intend going abroad, to derive the double benefit of change of air and the rate of exchange. The Premier contemplates a sojourn in Spain, a land where it is always afternoon, an atmosphere congenial to building castles, instead of houses, and from which he will no doubt bring back a new store of Don Quixote rhetoric to help him in his vaunted task of making this a land fit for heroes to live in.

Ministers would do better much to stay at home, mix with the plain people, and learn something of their trials and difficulties. As to the preposterous contention that this country cannot afford to house its workers, we will give Sir Alfred Mond a simple hint as to how the money can be found.

Clear out of Palestine, Mesopotamia, and other places where we have no business.

When Profiteers Fall Out

WHENEVER the question of the cost of food arises you will find excited political economists ready to jump into the discussion with high sounding phrases and columns of figures in order to prove the correctness of the long accepted theory that prices vary according to supply and demand.

Unfortunately for the public who are called upon to create a demand and pay the prices, the rate of supply is often in the hands of people who are more concerned about filling their own pockets than with any consideration for the size of the purse from which the money is drawn.

One thing is quite certain. So long as the public remain quiet and passive there will be no desperate hurry on the part of retailers to make a move in the right direction. Prices which affect the cost of living show an uncanny instinct to bound upwards on the slightest pretext, and the more they are inflated the less likely are they to drop suddenly—unless, as in the case of a balloon, they come in contact with opposing elements.

The profiteers have fallen out in Tooting, as they have done before in other parts of the country, and within a few hours the price of the 4 lb. loaf dropped from 9½d. to 7d. Bakers are metaphorically cutting each other's throats to avoid losing custom.

Bakers, butchers and grocers do not reduce prices for the fun of the thing, or to lose money. They need customers. And the woman with the purse can bring down the prices by avoiding those shopkeepers who have a habit of adding those halfpennies which help to build up huge profits.

Good News for Schoolboys

LORD JUSTICE SCRUTTON ought to be a first favourite among schoolboys, for he has put it on record that four of our most famous Judges never received a prize at school, and were generally at the bottom of their class.

Mr. John Galsworthy declares that scholars are rarely imaginative writers of any force. Lord Inchcape has his doubts on modern methods of education as a guarantee of commercial aptitude and success. Dean Wace has urged students not to stay too long at the Universities, but to get in touch as soon as possible with Life, which is the greatest University of all.

This indictment comes spontaneously and simultaneously from men who have attained eminence in diverse spheres of activity. It may well be pondered by our educational authorities. The present system is too machine-like. It loads the poor pupil with facts as though the result aimed at was to produce encyclopædias instead of men of character and intelligence.

Far too much time is wasted on useless dates in history and useless data in geography, instead of knowledge that is helpful in the battle of life. So many of us find when we leave school that we have to forget much of what we laboriously acquired and begin again with the real study of men and affairs.

Our schoolboys must not suppose that by never winning prizes and by remaining at the bottom of the class they may become famous Judges. Two blacks do not make a white. But they need not be discouraged because though striving hard others beat them in examinations. The battle begins all over again in the world of life, and as Lord Justice Scrutton said: "Sometimes the finest flowers bloom the latest."

There is hope in this, too, for the poor man's son, sometimes inclined to regard too enviously those who have had a more elaborate "education." Brains, energy, and courage—these are the keys of success, not diplomas and certificates.

The Dreamer's Mistake

WE have nothing but admiration for those kind, thoughtful people who, blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, for ever keep the fire of sympathy burning in their hearts in order to be ready at all times to throw out a little warmth upon the less fortunate.

A famous dancer, recently back from Russia, tells how she mothered, fed, clothed, and taught fifty children in her school of dance. What is more, she would like to gather together all the starving children into a palace and teach them what paradise on earth shall be like when everyone shall have developed a passion for beauty.

Dreamers have their ideals, and in striving to catch the shadow often overlook realities. No child needs a teacher to tell it what is beautiful. The instinct is born with it and develops spontaneously. Would that other essentials of this life were so easily acquired by the children of the poor!

A RELIC OF BARBARISM

by CLIVE NORTON

FOR something like half a century every great social reformer in this country has advocated the abolition of capital punishment. Occasionally even a Judge has publicly condemned the system; and quite recently a Coroner, while holding an inquest at Durham, on the body of a victim of the law, has added his voice to the chorus of enlightened humanity. Here are the words of the latest convert to Christianity: "I do not consider that capital punishment acts in any way as a deterrent to murder. It is a mistake, and I feel it would be better for the country to do away with the sickening business."

In most civilised countries the death penalty has been abolished or allowed to fall into desuetude. Only the other day we had the instance of a particularly revolting murder committed by an alien, who, in order to evade what he knew would be the inevitable punishment of his crime if captured in this country, flew to his native land, where he has been sentenced merely to imprisonment.

Very few people are aware of the fact that murder is not the only crime in English law punishable by death. Treason, which in peacetime is rather difficult to define, piracy with violence, setting fire to His Majesty's vessels of war, arsenals, military or naval stores, and ships in the Port of London—all these are capital offences. And of course the death penalty may be enforced by courts-martial for mutiny, desertion, sleeping on sentry-duty, and so on.

All this is a great advance on the state of affairs that prevailed less than a hundred years ago, when there were no fewer than two hundred crimes for which a man could be hanged. But the fact remains that our laws are still a great deal more severe than the people who administer them. This is particularly the case with the unrepealed statute dealing with treason, which permits the hanging, drawing and quartering of guilty persons.

What, then, is the case in favour of capital punishment in a reasonably civilised community? No doubt it owes its origin to a desire on the part of the State to prevent private reprisals. We will assume, however, that civilised beings would not take the law into their own hands just because the State dealt leniently with its criminals.

Barbarians apart, most people urge expedience as the chief reason for the continuance of a peculiarly brutal custom. "What else," they ask, "can one do with these pests of society?" As no one who knows the facts is silly enough nowadays to urge that capital punishment is a deterrent to crime, the only argument left to fall back upon is this of expediency. At best, though, it is merely an excuse for not thinking seriously about matters that don't, as we imagine, concern us very closely.

And that is where we are all so hopelessly in the wrong. It is a solid fact, attested by our foremost pathologists, that the recurrence of capital punishment brutalises the whole community far more than the recurrence of crime. This point could be enlarged upon almost indefinitely, but the mere statement must suffice.

Further, it has been proved beyond a shadow of doubt that where murder is not the effect of an abnormal and therefore diseased mind, it is the result of want, and comparatively seldom occurs among the better fed members of society. Yet no one but the most callous would have the hardihood to propose that mental disorder or starvation should be made capital offences.

Finally, there is an old saying that we never tire of quoting and might with advantage use in this very vital matter of life-taking: "Two blacks don't make a white."

PENALISING GOOD CONDUCT

Shabby Treatment of a Gallant Sailor

WHEN a man has served his country faithfully and honourably, and his country turns him down on a mere technicality—that is a definition of injustice, the cruel and callous type of injustice that we are pledged to fight without fear or favour.

Also it describes the case of Henry Ernest Mawbey, of 45, Stibbington Street, King's Cross, W.C., who took his discharge from the Navy last June, after eleven years' service and many battles, and with 13 good conduct encomiums, 12 "very good" and one "good"—an honourable and gallant record of which any man might be proud, for which any country should be grateful.

Imagine the very happy homecoming to wife and children, from whom he trusted to be parted no more and to maintain whom he hoped, with his gratuities and prize-money, to open a little shop—a thought to comfort the storm-tossed sailor on many a long and hard vigil with his "Comrades of the Mist."

Imagine also this happiness turned suddenly to dark despair and rankling bitterness by a curt and tragic official announcement that he was not entitled to his gratuities, to his prize-money, not even to the medals he won fighting for his country. Why? Surely his fellow-countrymen, no less than himself, are entitled to an answer to this question!

Mawbey had committed the offence of taking the word of one of his own officers. Arriving at Devonport on H.M.S. *Valerian*, he got thirteen days' leave. His comrades who had commissioned the ship got more. Returning from his leave he found on board only six men and one officer, and nothing to do.

After some hours of idleness he sought out the officer and asked if he might have his leave extended till the others returned. The permission was granted. Mawbey, elated and excited, hurried ashore. In his joy he forgot to apply for a liberty pass.

Returning at the end of his extended leave, he was arrested, charged with "breaking-out ship, breaking-in ship, and overstaying his leave by 17 days." In vain he protested his innocence. For thirty-one days he was kept in detention. When his trial came on, the officer could not be called as he had gone to Malta. Mawbey was found guilty, and sentenced to lose his previous service.

For taking the word of an officer—31 days and the loss of eight years' service, four of it in the war.

For taking the word of an officer—this double punishment, from which the officer might have saved him had he been present at the trial. He loses the gratuities and prize-money, and even the medals he earned in the service of his country and in the face of the foe.

For taking the word of an officer—he is ruined, branded as a deserter, thrown into the ranks of the unemployed—left with twelve very good and one good conduct expressions, broken and despairing in a "land fit for heroes."

Does Lord Beatty know? Does he approve?

CRIME MADE EASY

System Which Assists the Housebreaker

JUDGE ATHERLEY JONES hit the nail bang on the head when he declared, at the Newcastle Quarter Sessions, that the majority of criminals were not arrested largely owing to the "beat" system of the police.

The latest returns show that, in one year, of 87,827 indictable offences over 34,000 were committed without an arrest being made. These appalling figures include burglaries 718; housebreaking, 3,681; shop-breaking, 4,303; robbery with violence, 97, and arson, 57. And these figures, of course, do not include unreported or undetected cases of crime.

The reason, of course, is that the criminal has made a special study of the "beats" system and knows exactly the time when it will be safe to work certain districts. On the other hand, a constable must keep moving so as to reach a specified point promptly to time, for to keep a sergeant or an inspector waiting would be inviting trouble.

Even the sergeant is bound by almost cast-iron rules. He, too, has a stipulated area to cover and a certain number of constables to meet before returning to the station to report progress.

The consequence is that the ordinary constable sacrifices real duty to routine. Making enquiries into suspicious cases means keeping his superior officer waiting, and the ordinary P.C. learns eventually that it is better to keep to time-table and let the remainder of his little world take care of itself.

This is especially the case in country areas, as the Chiefs there sometimes labour under the delusion that the patrols are not being worked properly or that the men are slacking. The whole fact of the matter is the poor constable is between the devil and the deep sea. He has either to neglect his patrol duties to avoid being reported for lateness, or being reported for not discovering burglaries.

Obviously the system is out of date, and a new broom is badly needed to sweep it out of existence. Otherwise crime will flourish.

WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

British Girls Lured to Foreign Dens

THE League of Nations is earnestly endeavouring to cope with the White Slave Traffic. Unfortunately it is going the wrong way about it.

At a recent meeting of the Council at St. James's Palace, the report on this subject was adopted, after being discussed in private. Privacy in this matter is a profound mistake. You cannot arouse public opinion, with its great and salutary power, if you hide the facts from it.

The facts are terrible. They include appalling stories of young British girls lured into outward-bound ships by foreign seamen, drugged and terrorised and violated, concealed under threats for the voyage, and then dumped into the lands of waiting harpies and confederates.

It is heart-breaking tragedy for young innocent and unwary British girls. Few of them return, and even these are physical and moral wrecks.

They include scarcely less appalling stories of young British girls lured abroad by tempting offers of theatrical engagements, to find that they are expected to dance questionable dances in questionable houses and to make themselves agreeable to questionable men. The alternative is loss of employment, perhaps being left stranded in some remote provincial place.

Governments try in vain to suppress this evil. They supervise contracts made through agencies; the traffickers make their contracts privately. The scoundrel battening on human flesh thinks quicker and acts faster than the Government Department.

Let the public know the heartrending facts. Their sympathy, indignation, and vigilance are the surest shields for the unwary woman stranded far from home and ringed round by the waiting and watching vultures

SHOULD LUNATICS BE KILLED?

Drastic Remedy for Grave Evil

by BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

I SEE from a newspaper report that a member of a Board of Guardians was so impressed by what he saw during a visit to a lunatic asylum that he put the question to the Superintendent, "Should lunatics be killed?" No doubt the herding together of so many people of unsound mind, many of them completely demented, is bound to make a painful impression on a sane person unaccustomed to this form of illness. For it is an illness, just the same as any other illness; only it is one that affects the brain and through it the mind, the greatest glory of man.

What the Guardian ought to have asked is: Have you any treatment for these mental patients? And if the Superintendent was an honest man anxious for the welfare of the poor people put in his care, he would most likely have replied: We have none. They get every attention that is humanely possible, but no specific treatment has yet been devised, notwithstanding numerous efforts in that direction. Indeed, the patients are confined in the asylum for safety's sake, for the safety of themselves and of the community.

THE question "Should lunatics be killed?" can have arisen only from a wrong impression that all insane are raving and desperate people, whose actions resemble those of beasts, and whose language is that of Billingsgate. But there are no hard and fast lines separating soundness and unsoundness of mind, and it is also too seldom appreciated that the great majority of insane are perfectly harmless people, talking sense when one does not touch upon their delusions; some unduly happy, some unduly depressed, and others who think themselves persecuted and rather glad to have the protection which the asylum affords them.

Sometimes the insanity is only temporary, and even if permanent and decidedly incurable, surely it would be inhuman to kill all these people just because medical science has hitherto failed to discover a remedy. Would it not be a far better plan to endow research for the scientific investigation of mental disorders?

LOTS of people complain that they are wrongly detained in asylums, and if not they, their relatives are convinced that they ought to be set free. Just imagine what an outcry there would be raised if a Committee of Experts were to decide that death is the best for them and the community.

The mistake is often made of confounding idiocy and imbecility with insanity. The former is a congenital affliction, the latter develops in adult years.

The children of imbeciles are bound to be imbeciles. On the other hand, the children of an insane parent are not all going to be insane, but it is certain that every one of them carries about with it through life a tendency to insanity, or at least to nervous disease of some kind.

AS a rule people hide the fact that a member of their family is insane, in order not to damage their own prospects and those of their children; but they make a grievous mistake in keeping the fact from the doctor, for he can help them to prevent an outbreak. We cannot eradicate what is in the germ, but just as our abilities are not always manifested for lack of opportunity, so our defects need never show themselves if our lives are arranged accordingly.

TO prevent the increase of the unfit, sterilisation has been proposed; but to enforce such a process by law would be a difficult matter. A much simpler process is that of birth control by the prevention of conception. Persons with a history of insanity, epileptics, feeble-minded, chronic drunkards, professional criminals, may want to gratify their instincts, but they should not have children, and I believe many men and women of this kind would co-operate in this measure of preventing the ever increasing number of degenerates, if instructed how to do so in an easy and harmless manner. The less sensible ones should be sterilised whenever they become inmates of a public institution—reformatory, prison, or asylum.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

LORD CARSON

LUNATICS are sometimes the most charming people in the world, and the most charming people outside asylums are often a trifle insane. Lord Carson is, socially speaking, a very charming man—an almost ideal smoking-room or dinner-table companion—but even his friends have occasionally wondered whether, politically speaking, he is quite safe. His enemies, of course, ceased wondering a long while ago.

Look at that face of his, with its heavy, sullen jaw and general expression of vindictive sternness. It is the face of a man who could govern a distracted world with the naked sword, who would outterrorise the Terror. It is the face of one who is called by his friends a great leader of men, and by his enemies a fiend in human shape.

In a word, Lord Carson is a fanatic. He is the reverse of the typical axe-grinding politician who merely uses his cause as a medium for self-advertisement. He does believe with his whole soul in the cause he has espoused. To him Ulster is a religion, and like most fanatics he has already exalted a side-issue into a Faith, a means into an end.

THAT is why there have been moments during the last ten years or so when the Secretary for Ireland ought to have executed him. He has been a permanent public danger ever since the Liberal Party tried to saddle Ireland with its milk-and-water Home Rule Bill. He has been a thorn in the side of the Empire—a thorn that, among other less pleasant things, has reminded us that we are an Empire!

The war practically saved his skin. But for that it would have been necessary, in the interests of the Empire as a whole, to crush the Ulster counties for daring to be loyal to the Union Jack. Lord Carson and the Ulster counties, as everyone knows, came through the war with flying colours—which are still flying. And now the Union Jack in Belfast will never be torn down in the name of the Union Jack on Buckingham Palace.

THE Ulster counties have won their victory, and they can thank their stars that Sir Edward was the type of man who stuck to his guns when the decisive hour arrived. For it was a close thing. The man was treacherously loyal; and he might have answered for defeat with his life. Not that he cared. Even his most virulent defamers have never denied him courage—the courage of the fanatic, who has freely given of his mind, body and purse in the cause to which he has dedicated his being.

In a sense he is now a back-number. He has fought his fight. But if his opponents imagine that another crisis will find him nodding in the somnolent atmosphere of the Upper House, they don't know their Carson. At the present moment he is the spiritual leader of the Conservatives and the only man in the Party who could give them something bigger to think about than *Morning Post* politics.

BUT he isn't a good politician. He's too sincere and speaks his mind too vigorously to lead any Party that hasn't got a mind to speak. He wouldn't go to the trouble of nursing half-hearted followers. And, in present day politics, the fact that he's not a vote-cadging opportunist surely provides his ill-wishers with every reason for saying he's not quite right in his head.

Might Have Been

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE much-quoted lines,

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these:
It might have been—

are like so many aphorisms, only partly true. It is true of lost opportunity, of a wrong turning taken, of a fatal mistake, of a wasted career. But it is not true of the greater number of "might have beens."

Most men might have been other than they are; we all have within us capacities which are never used. One and the same individual can become a different being in appearance, character, and general outlook on life if a special stimulus happens to be applied to some of his latent faculties. There is energy enough bottled up in the dullest and most commonplace person to carry him to great heights if it were set ablaze.

But no man here and now can be everything he has it in him to be. If he is to succeed in anything he must limit himself, forsake, renounce, repress, concentrate. Mr. Lloyd George might have been a great preacher, a great barrister, probably a great financier; but he could not be all of them at once, not in one lifetime. The same man cannot be a first-rate jeweller and a first-rate engine-driver, nor a magnificent musician and a magnificent aeronaut.

The moral of this is that we should make our surrenders willingly and accept our necessary limitations cheerfully if we would excel. What is wrapped up in our nature waiting for expression will find it soon or late; all eternity is available for the purpose. Only a corner of what we are ever peeps out in this world.

"Might have been" and "shall be" are the same thing in the long run.

MASTERS AND SCHOLARS

by A. G. GARDINER

A GOOD many great men, from Shelley downwards, have been "sent down" in their school or college days, but the two Reigate school boys easily hold the record for the hubbub which their dismissal has caused. I don't understand why this case should have attracted so much attention, unless it is that we like to talk about these little things in order to avoid talking about big ones. Yet the real point in the discussion is not unimportant.

The facts are simple. The father of the boys asked the schoolmaster to excuse them for a day in order that he might take them to an agricultural show. The master refused the permission; the father ignored him and took the boys to the show; the master dismissed the boys.

Who was right and who was censurable in this very ordinary incident? As not infrequently happens, I think, both were in the wrong. When the father asked permission he admitted the right of the master to withhold it and he was clearly wrong in defying the decision. He would have had a stronger case if he had simply kept the boys away without saying anything about it.

On the other hand, the refusal of the permission in such circumstances—the boys were to be agriculturists—was unreasonable and ill-judged, and the dismissal was an excessive punishment for the offence.

In regard to this phase of the matter, therefore, the mutual offences about balance each other, and I think the master and the parent might very well shake hands, and admit that they have both been to blame.

But in the larger issue the judgment must surely go to the master. It is a matter of discipline. When a parent sends his son to school he accepts the conditions of school government and surrenders his own authority to that of the master. If he is a wise man he will look out for a well disciplined school, for the spirit of discipline is a vital element of education. No discipline can be maintained if the parent asserts the right to break through the rules of the institution and humiliate the master on his own ground. His remedy, if he is dissatisfied, is not to treat the master's ruling with contempt, even if it is contemptible, but to withdraw his child from the school.

I am puzzled to know why so unreal a grievance in a world full of real grievances has caused so much commotion. The parent, I have no doubt, would greatly resent the claim of the master to interfere with the boy while he was under his own rooftree, and he ought to see that the authority he possesses at home is transferred to the master so far as school hours are concerned.

I don't think this is a time to trifle with the spirit of discipline. If it is harshly exercised—and in this case I think it was harshly exercised—it must still be respected. The corrective will appear in other ways than anarchy. A too despotic master will soon learn that it is necessary to temper discipline with reasonableness.

SHORT CUTS TO TH

by HAROL

"WOMAN'S defiance of con when it complicates life But the responsibility does not rests equally, and even prima much more freedom to their wo their own peace of mind or the

RECENTLY I suggested on this page that one of the most marked features of our time was the freedom claimed by girls and young women to seek their pleasures how and where they liked; and the deduction I drew from that fact was that a period of increasing liberties and sex-incitements was not a period in which the criminal law ought to be extended, and made to bear with increasing stringency on men alone.

Since then a very extraordinary divorce case has shown how far "unconventionality" will take the modern woman. And it has carried the general matter a little further by showing that this modern freedom of women not only affects men in relation to the criminal law but also in the most intimate and sacred relations of their lives, as husbands.

THE case also raised a question which so many cases of the kind have recently made a rather pressing question. It is: Shall women not only enjoy greater liberties in their conduct and associations with men other than their husbands; but shall they also enjoy immunity from any unfavourable conclusion concerning this unconventional behaviour?

Can they, in short, have the best of both worlds, and do those things which modest women do not usually do, and yet claim that an entirely innocent construction shall be put upon acts which, in an age of stricter manners, would certainly have been denied a favourable or innocent interpretation?

THE question is obviously one of great practical importance in our daily life, as will be seen if we realise that it may ultimately have to be answered in this way: If we find, as a matter of sheer experience, that even great latitude of behaviour is supposed to carry no worse implication than the most modest and circumspect of behaviour, then, on the whole, it will be safer, simpler, and better in every way to abandon modern standards by which wives do strange things that puzzle trusting husbands, and we don't know where we are; and to get back to standards of conduct which were not so ambiguous, when a modest woman simply behaved as such, and things were more likely to be what they seemed.

THE practical nature of this question may be illustrated by a perfectly suppositional instance. Let us suppose that the time is coming, if it has not already come, when it will be possible for a married woman, without incurring any more suspicion of misbehaviour than she can dispel by a formal and indignant denial, to go away with a bachelor friend to his week-end cottage, on the ground that she needed a little change of air, and yet rely on no unfavourable conclusion being drawn from her action, because (let us continue to suppose) a generous, tolerant, and comfortable social code decided that it would be narrow-minded and cruel that a woman should not be able to spend a couple of quiet days in the country with a man friend without arousing unworthy suspicions.

It is easy to see that if such a wide latitude of social behaviour as that were allowed by the social code, husbands might then unanimously come to the conclusion that, on the whole, their peace of mind would be better secured by a more rigid code, which did not allow wives a degree of freedom which, rightly or wrongly, reasonably or otherwise, might lead to a breach of the domestic peace.

We have not yet gone quite so far as that suppositional case, but the case in the Divorce Court to which I have referred was interesting as showing how far the relaxations of behaviour had gone, whilst still falling short of adverse legal presumptions. I refer to that case only because it does illustrate this change in social manners, and not in relation to the personal issues involved; moreover, I refer only to the evidence relevant to that part of the case which has been judicially settled and disposed of.

Sir HEN

(*President of th*

The lady concerned, confessedly fond of social pleasures in which her husband was not able to share, entertained him at second hand by writing to tell him how she was enjoying herself " . . . a vast following of young men who fight each other for the pleasure of dancing with me. There are Greeks and slim, silky Argentines. I have four young men of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry. They are priceless, and so naughty, and so is your wife. I am so much in love with my Dago young man . . . ." and so on.

She "worked all day and danced all night," leaving her husband at home, and escorted by what he called "dozens of young men"; but she herself found her life "perfectly normal in my estimation."

Returning from a dance with a friend

HE DIVORCE COURT

OWEN

ntion is now carried to a point uch more than it simplifies it. st with the women alone. It v, with the men, who allow n-folk than is good either for nen themselves."

ed as a co-respondent, she went to her sband's house, knocked, failed to get a reply d went with her friend to his bachelor t at 2.30 in the morning, sleeping in his whilst he slept on two chairs in another om; and at half-past nine the friend oblig-gly rang up the husband to tell him where his fe was and to ask him to bring her a change clothes. Asked by counsel why she did not to a neighbouring hotel, where she had nched and dined, she replied, "It seemed ore reasonable to go to" the bachelor's flat—"it seemed the most obvious place to go to."

Nor is this breadth of view confined to the younger generation. For the lady's mother said in Court that this episode of a night spent in a bachelor's flat was "treated as a joke." Modern mammas also treat their daughters' husbands with the same levity, for the mother-in-law told the Court that when the husband complained to her of her daughter going out so much to dance with other men, she had told him "it might mend matters" if he would start dancing, too—she doubtless holding it the sole duty of a husband to accommodate himself to his wife's pleasures.

DUKE

orce Court).

Yet another incident to illustrate the sticity of modern behaviour. Returning m Paris with another gentleman, also ed as a co-respondent (an artillery officer called "a mere boy," with whom she nced cheek-to-cheek, as is done in the st broad-minded circles) the lady and he cupied a sleeping compartment on the in to Calais, "owing to some mistake by hall porter." The lady's evidence ex-ined that "she did not know they were ng to be in the same compartment until got on the station." The gentleman, his part, declared that "when they found t what the conditions were, they decided make it an ordinary compartment and to down without undressing."

NOW, the object of this article is to suggest, and very strongly, that a social code which allows such departures from what was once considered prudent and proper conduct is to be deplored and condemned. For though such conduct may be consistent with innocence (as was established by the jury's verdict in the case referred to, on the issue decided) or may be due to a naïve and ingenuous idea that it is smart and chic to be so unconventional, such a code of easy-going manners must be discouraged if for no better reason than that, however pleasant for wives or their retinue of dancing men, *it is unfair to husbands*.

Once upon a time if two unmarried people were, even by no act or intention of their own, but by mere untoward chance, so thrown together that the world would whisper, the lady was held to be "compromised," and the man was expected to consider himself under some sort of obligation to marry her. We have travelled a long way from that drastic conventionality, but have we not gone too far in the opposite direction of extremely loose unconventionality?

THE fact is that woman's "defiance of convention" is now carried to a point when it complicates life much more than it simplifies it. But the responsibility does not rest with the women alone. It rests equally, and even primarily, with the men, who allow much more freedom to their women-folk than is good either for their own peace of mind or the women themselves. There is, in fact, a point where broadmindedness merges into what the lawyers call, in another connection, "contributory negligence," and husbands who allow great indulgences to their wives in association with other men have no great moral right to complain of the consequences that may follow from facilitating opportunity and temptations.

Indeed, the healthiest and most characteristic masculinity is that which is jealous and resentful of infractions of convention by wives and sweethearts. Real broadmindedness, controlled by discretion, may correct the excesses of that masculine outlook and temper; but men should be on their guard against that spurious, weak, and dangerous "broadmindedness" which merely smooths the broad path for wives and daughters.

THE whole problem, here as everywhere else, is to steer the right course of reason and moderation between two extremes—sour puritanism and a liberty which is too near licence. A few years ago we seemed to have solved it, reaching the maximum liberty for women consistent with propriety and social safety. But the records of the last few years show clearly enough that, whatever may be said for the "broadminded" theory of freer intercourse of the sexes, in practice it often works out as merely a very short cut to the Divorce Court.

BRITAIN'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY

by the

Hon. GIDEON MURRAY, M.P.

GREAT BRITAIN, once the workshop of the world, has to-day a million and a half of her workers unemployed. Where is she to find markets for the goods these men can produce and ought to be producing? That, to my mind, is the kernel of the unemployment question.

And the answer, I hold, lies at our door. The British Empire has markets and to spare for all we like to export. Had we but recognised the importance of these markets at the end of the war instead of allowing our attention to be diverted to others which looked more attractive at the time, but which were bound to fail before very long, we should not now be suffering from the present degree of depression.

We are clinging to-day to a theory which is no longer in accord with the facts.

That theory dates back to last century when we were building up our commercial supremacy. "We make the goods," ran the argument, "and in return a grateful world provides us with all the food and raw material we require."

At one time it was wholly true. In the early part of the present century it remained partially true. To-day it is completely out of date.

For the war came along and our former customers had to do without British goods. They developed their own industries. At the end of the war there was of course a shortage which they were glad of the chance to make up. But to-day, partly from poverty, partly from a desire to make for themselves, they are of little use to us as markets for our products.

Instead of recognising these facts we hang on to an outworn fetish. Meantime our workers are unemployed.

Let us think again of the Empire of which we are so proud. If we but read the signs of the times aright, everything points to our developing our resources in the Dominions Overseas and fostering the closest possible trade relations with them. Money is cheap. Postal rates have been reduced. Shipping costs no longer offer the same barriers to trade, although railway rates are still high.

The time is ripe for a real attempt to start afresh. By encouraging migration within the Empire, both of men and of industry, we can yet make the British Empire what Great Britain itself once was, the workshop of the world.

Scattered about the inhabited globe there are twenty millions of our own kith and kin willing and eager to buy the Mother Country's goods if only the Mother Country is prepared to meet them on questions of price, quality and style.

Already the Dominions Overseas account for more than a third of our total overseas trade. Already, per head of population, they take more from us than the rest of our foreign customers put together. All that is wanted, therefore, is to accelerate the rate at which inter-Empire trade is developing and do everything in our power to foster it.

BORN OUT OF WEDLOCK

The Tragic History of a Peer's Soldier-Son

A terrible indictment of the cruelty meted out by Society to the innocent victims of ungoverned lust, a moving narrative of the long agony of shame, suffering and humiliation borne by the unwanted child, who pays the penalty, under our social code, for the sins of the father, is revealed in the following poignant story.

I AM the bastard son of a nobleman. My mother was a lady's companion in one of the stately homes of England, the castle of an English peer. His eldest and "noble" son seduced my mother, and I, their illicit issue, was born on board a mail-boat on a voyage to India, whither my mother was sent to give me birth, and, I must suppose, throw me overboard to the sharks, or abandon me to the beasts of the jungle.

She did neither. Broken-hearted, bowed with grief and shame, she returned to her parental roof, and leaving me there to be brought up on her widowed father's Welsh farm, she disappeared and hid herself again from the eyes of the world.

For a few years, though deprived of my mother's care, I was happy. An aunt helped my grandfather to bring me up, and I received my early education in a Benedictine monastery. Not easily is the light heart of a child depressed.

Then my grandfather married again, and I first began to know to what a legacy of suffering and shame I had been born. Not knowing what it was to be beaten, I resented a merciless thrashing from the new ruler of the house, for some trivial offence, and I fled to a hayrick, where I was found by my aunt, weeping, and refusing to be comforted, but, above all, declining to return to the strange and savage woman my elderly grand-dad had taken to his bosom.

My aunt took me home—she was married to an officer in the "Old and Bold," the Northumberland Fusiliers. Unwanted in my first home, superfluous in my second, I decided to follow my uncle's example, and, at the age of twelve, I joined the army, as a boy soldier.

I pass over my service—my happiest days, save when my comrades received letters and parcels and loving messages from home, and there were none for the unwanted little bastard. I served through the Egyptian campaign of 1883, then in India, from Quetta in 1899 to South Africa, where under Bobs and K. of K. we cleared up the little mess out there.

Returning to England in 1902 a Colour-Sergeant, I and my comrades were in the Mess one Sunday, after church parade, when I was sent for by the Adjutant. An elderly civilian there told me he was my uncle—though I protested I had no living relatives. He said my mother was alive and wished to see me.

I saw her. But though I was her son, I was also a soldier and a man. Before I embraced her I drew my sword and swore upon it in her presence that I would avenge her honour on the villain who had betrayed it.

She sank on her knees, beseeching me, with tears, to let her keep that as a secret in her own heart. Wild and untamable, having laughed at death a thousand times, I threatened to take her life and my own if she would not reveal the detestable, damnable cur and scoundrel who had betrayed her. "My son," she sobbed, "your father is dead."

I sheathed my sword. That was the first and last I remember seeing of my mother. But ere I left she told me my father's name.

Soon after she died abroad, leaving to me the wealth she had inherited from an uncle. I had but one friend in the world, a comrade who stood by me on the field of battle, when I, the homeless and the outcast, was cursing, like Job's wife, and praying for an honourable death.

To help him out of trouble I had commuted my pension and given him the proceeds. Soon after I learned that my own inheritance had been lost in a bad speculation before it actually reached me. I was penniless again.

Two years ago, after serving in the Great War, my old Commanding Officer sent for me, told me he knew my story, showed me a photograph of my mother, and said that my sister, Lady ——, wished to see me at Bexhill-on-Sea.

I drove there in her ladyship's car, and saw her—rich, ennobled, proud, and with the same features as myself. She expressed a wish to help me, and tendered me a cheque for £5,000 to start life again.

My mother's blood boiled in my veins. I tore her cheque in pieces and littered the carpet of the great mansion with it.

Frequently she sought me since; always I refused. I ask of her nothing but to forget me, to conceal my existence from her happy and sheltered children.

The iron has entered my soul. I have served my country with honour: that must atone for the dishonour in which it found me.

And if success comes to me—from my own efforts—I have but one ambition, to bring back my mother's poor dishonoured body to bury it in English soil, and when my own day comes, to lie beside it, with all these bitter reflections, dragged, from me by your poignant article, "Pity the Child," forgotten for ever in the Great Oblivion. W.J.

SCALDED TO DEATH

Lies about a Baby's Bath

WHEN there is such a discrepancy in the evidence of principal witnesses at an inquest that it is obvious that someone is deliberately lying, it is surely the duty of the Coroner to adjourn the inquiry in order that the truth may be ascertained.

Mr. A. M. Forbes, however, sitting with a jury at the North Middlesex Hospital, Edmonton, meekly accepted a verdict of death from misadventure in a case which was just about as unsatisfactory as it could possibly be.

A two-year-old baby girl had died as a result of extensive scalds on the back. A nurse described them as disgraceful.

The mother, who was living apart from her husband, and had had four other children, all of whom died under two years of age, said she went home and found the baby being placed in a bath by a neighbour and her own sister, aged sixteen. She noticed that the baby's skin was very red, and her sister said she would admit putting the baby in the bath so as not to get the neighbour into trouble.

In the witness box, however, the girl swore that the mother put the baby in the scalding bath herself while she was fetching cold water. She had not said so before because she was afraid of her sister.

What is the solution of the mystery of this baby's death?

THE SEAMEN'S SPLIT

Why Captains Prefer "Chink" Crews

IF one gets into conversation with a seaman—sailor, fireman, cook or steward—it is about three to one that he will say something disparaging about the officials of his Union. Should he belong to the Sailors' and Firemen's Union his grievance is generally that the chief concern of the officials is to see that he doesn't get a ship until he has paid up his dues. If he is a member of the Marine Workers' Union he will complain that the officials are not able to do anything at all for him, except at Southampton and Liverpool, and that membership of the Union absolutely bars him from getting a ship at most ports.

These two grouches are supported by actual facts.

Members of both organisations will probably say that they would prefer to be non-unionists—ignoring the indisputable fact that they have the Unions to thank for their present rate of pay, which is about double what it was in 1914.

The Unions, however, do not seem to have improved the position of seamen otherwise than in pay, or even to have made any serious attempt to improve it, and in the matter of British seamen for British ships they appear to have gone backward.

The food of a British seaman is still, with few exceptions, served up to him as if he were a hog, and it has to be scrambled for and eaten in hoggish fashion; the accommodation provided for sailors and firemen is as unsatisfactory as it has been for many years past, and the employment of coloured men of sorts on British ships is on the increase.

It ought not to be beyond the power of the Unions to alter this state of things, if they would come to some agreement as to their spheres of activity and devote to the attempt the energy they now dissipate in fighting each other.

Enquiries among shipowners, captains, and Shipping Federation officials disclose the fact that Chinamen and Lascars are not employed on account of cheapness—though they are cheaper if the ship be on "Asiatic" articles—but because captains prefer them. Yes, almost any captain will admit—after expressing sorrow that it is so—that he would rather have a Chinese crew than a British one of the sort he would get now, giving the desire for peace and quietness as his reason.

The general opinion of shipowners, captains, and Shipping Federation officials is to the effect that if the Unions would expel the forecastle "lawyer," the rowdies, and the wasters, they could have the manning of practically all British ships and get anything in reason for their men.

PIEBALD POTTERY

"Art" and the Artful

FROM time immemorial a certain halo of romance has hovered over the potter.

But there has of late arisen a class of very commercial middlemen whose unscrupulous but profitable business it is to foist upon an undiscerning public the crudest products of the potters' industry as works of the highest art.

Just as Birmingham turns out beads and tinsel gew-gaws for the delight of the inhabitants of savage lands, so do certain potteries produce crockery of the most rough and garish character for sale to the semi-civilised natives of tropic climes.

But great quantities of these intentionally crude products, instead of reaching the foreign destination for which they are intended, find their way into the hands of the middlemen mentioned; who, by taking advantage of the modern craze for bold designs and bright colours, and by means of elaborate catalogues and eloquent advertisements, persuade the gullible public to pay 2s., 3s., and 4s., for cups and saucers and other articles which cost but a few pence to produce.

Thus, in the guise of "delightful old English cottage pottery," crocks moulded for the thick lips of the Ethiopian, and daubed with primary colours to please his eye, find place in English homes, and bring our national taste for art into ridicule and contempt!

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SCHOOL FRIEND":—"He walked straight past them, with TIGHT-SHUT EYES and mouth, and STARING, UNSEEING EYES."

"BULLETIN" (Glasgow):—"Miss Betty Manners was one of many girls wearing a royal blue frock and SATIN HAT UNDER A LONG FUR COAT."

"WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR":—"The girls contributed with precision and sweetness a patriotic Son, entitled 'England.'"

"WILLESDEN CHRONICLE":—"—— was charged with stealing . . . silk remnant, SOFT GENT'S shirt, neckties, and other articles."

"SHEFFIELD DAILY INDEPENDENT":—"To-day at 11. NOW ON VIEW. Miss —— —— DECEASED."

"DAILY MAIL":—"It is recommended that . . . lighting-up time be fixed at half an hour before SUNRISE."

"FOOTBALL AND SPORTS FAVOURITE":—"He . . . was frightened at the SIGHT of his master's VOICE."

"CHAMPION":—"They were off, Carlish in the centre, plugging the oars in at FORTY TO THE SECOND."

"WEST BRITON AND CORNWALL ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—"54 in. BLACK NAVY Serge."

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

"I WISH to see Mr. F. L. Rawson, please," remarked the Impertinent Interviewer, presenting himself at No. 59, Portland Place, the headquarters of the "True Prayer" Society.

"I have no doubt," the attendant told him, "that, for the small sum of two guineas, heaven will gratify your wish."

Bertie produced the money and was ushered into the presence of the great Prayer Panjandrum and Faith Fakir.

"Say Rawson," he observed. "I have called to interview you upon behalf of the Bull public in regard to this giddy religious ramp o' yours. I believe you claim to be able to cure anything, from bunions to bankruptcy, by the simple means o' prayer?"

"I do not merely *claim* to cure—I *can* cure—all the ills the flesh is heir to. If, for example, a serving-maid informs me that she is suffering from housemaid's knee, I tell her: 'There is NO such thing as housemaid's knee. God expresses Himself in the knees of the humblest of His creatures, and their knees, therefore, are perfect and painless!'"

"H'm! And how much would you charge for that little lot?"

"My fee for a consultation," the eminent prayermonger told him, "is two guineas. If the patient desires treatment, the charges vary. Prayers delivered by me personally cost two guineas per treatment, but the services of competent practitioners are available at prices ranging from one to three guineas weekly."

"And if the patient gets better you claim the credit, eh?"

"Naturally!"

"And supposing he dies?"

"That proves he has not carried out our directions."

"I suppose you can cure that feeling of heaviness after meals, spectacles before the eyes and all that sort of thing?"

"We can cure *anything!*"

"I merely asked," Bertie mentioned, "because I notice that you yourself are wearing specs."

"That is easily explained," was the reply. "To perfect my sight would probably require half-an-hour's prayer per day for three years, and I feel that I am not justified in wasting so much time which might be devoted to the Cause."

"More especially," remarked the Interviewer, "since you could earn in the time a couple of thousand guineas, eh? Well, I must say, Rawson, you seem to be on a good pitch, though the game you're playing certainly is not cricket. I presume you devote a couple of hours each day to praying that the supply of mugs won't give out?"

"Sir," exclaimed the prayer merchant, "there are NO mugs! God made man in His image and so . . ."

"Oh, well, have it your own way," said Bertie. "But before I go I would just like to mention, don't-cherknow, that the Treasury notes I gave the Johnnie in the next room were duds. I suppose, though, a few minutes praying by one of your second-best practitioners will make 'em all right. Farewell, my jolly old fakir—and don't you believe that yarn about there being no mugs! Go and have a look in that mirror!"

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

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W; O., 2s.; T. M. (Wadebridge) 1s.; J. M. (Stoke Newington), 1s.; S. A. W. (Clapham Park) 1s.; A. W. (South Wales), 1s.; R. R. T. (Leytonstone), 5s.; R. G. (Dundee), 5s.; "Happy Wife and Mother" (Shepherd's Bush), 4s. 6d.; R. J. V. (Eastbourne), 3s.; H. H. (Ormskirk), 2s. 10d. Miss K. N. (Rugby), £1; J. G., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. H. (Lowestoft), 1s. 6d.; "R.N.R." (Old Kent Road) 5s.; "Disabled," 10s.; Miss E. B. S. (Sible Hedingham), 10s.; "Taxi-driver 3667," 2s. 6d.; H. C. A., 6d.; "Stopped Tap," 1s.; "Fag," £1; "One Friend," 2s. 6d.; "Rowley Mile's Friend," 2s. 6d.; "Hope," 2s. 6d.; W. G. G. (Caldercruix), 1s. H. P. W. (Hereford), 5s.; "Persevering Bulleteer" (Norwich), 10d.; "Tweedside," 5s.; "Lessudden," 1s. and two parcels; "A Friend," 1s. "In Memory of Our Dear Son, G. M.," 2s.; J. W. (Exeter), 5s.

UP and down the country, there are thousands of people existing on the barest necessities of life, because the chief breadwinner, through no fault of his own, is unable to find regular employers. There are hundreds of families who scarcely know where the next meal is to come from. As many little boys and girls, innocent victims of cruel circumstance, are trying to get out of life some little measure of enjoyment which ought to be theirs by right. They are ill-clothed, poorly shod, and underfed. We hear from such as these every day in every week. They appeal to us as a last resource for help.

THE WOMAN PAYS

From "Humanist's" Letter Bag

"IN this week's JOHN BULL, you say real trouble is not tightness of money. That may be so in a number of cases; but it very frequently *lightens* burdens. Had I possessed private means of my own, sufficient to render me independent of my husband, my burden would not be so great. He has never supported me since we were married, and while I had any money continually 'borrowed.'

"One time he left me absolutely penniless; and in 1917 I was very hungry indeed, but did not appeal to my friends as I would not 'let him down.' My baby was born prematurely and sickly as a result of my want; but he was not many months old when my husband through unfaithfulness contracted a disease. That I forgave, and he got treatment and was discharged cured.

"During his stay in hospital I received no money whatever, as he said his fees could not be left unpaid. I now had to borrow for the sake of my baby, but I quite believed he would have learnt his lesson, and be decent to me; if not because he loved me, then as his duty after the overlooking of his lapse. But no; before the second year had come to its close he had again been unfaithful, and infected me.

"Had I known of this second lapse I could have taken precautions, but too late he confessed that he had run the risk. He promised to send the money necessary for my treatment, but when a month had gone by and I daily grew alarmingly worse I had to once more resort to borrowing.

"I got treatment, but too late to do any lasting good; so now I am condemned to a life of misery, requiring treatment occasionally, and so far without sufficient monetary help from the cause of it all—my husband. Since that time I have undergone four operations, three of which have been directly due to my infection.

"I did not lightly borrow, but it has taken great care and money (always borrowed) to get myself and baby cared for; as I do not wish to die leaving debts and a small boy to the tender(?) mercies of his father. Where money is concerned he has no will, and where debts are—no conscience.

"I know it will be at least a year before I can earn any money, and I must borrow for that further period. Do you wonder my sleep is scanty, and the money already owing—close on £400—a nightmare? As regards my husband's account, I had to borrow that money also as he left his treatment bills unpaid.

"Personally, I consider I've paid in money and suffering more than the sinner. What do you think?"

"In Durance Vile"

Persecuted by a Parson

WE have no doubt that the Rev. C. B. Law, Vicar of Cheshunt (Herts) was smugly satisfied with himself when, in April last, he succeeded in persuading the local Magistrates to condemn Lily Mansfield, for begging, to four years' detention in an industrial school.

We deem it our duty to remind him that the poor child referred to has now done over three months of her sentence at the Addlestone Industrial School, and to ask whether he does not think it high time he made himself as busy to bring about her release as he was active in securing her incarceration.

In nothing is a Christian minister more closely observed than in his attitude towards young children. If it be sympathetic, much otherwise may be forgiven him.

But, unhappily this was not the Rev. Mr. Law's attitude towards poor Lily Mansfield, when—aided by local busybodies—he succeeded in having her torn from her humble but loving home at the tender age of twelve, and placed amidst the moral perils of an industrial "home," whence she will emerge in three years' time, not only with an entirely undeserved stigma upon her, but probably with her once innocent character warped for ever.

Lily Mansfield must be released.

The Jockey and his Life

I AM not one of those people who are for ever running down the jockey. Jockey baiting is a fashionable amusement in certain journalistic sets, and dark and sinister are the hints which float about them. A jockey's life is hard, bitterly hard, to begin with. At an age when most boys are thinking of going to a public school, he is rising at five every morning to work in a stable for a sum per week which a van boy would scorn. If he has the luck to get a few rides and make a name for himself he has to live a life of abstention that would kill a few of us.

Starvation.

He is deprived in the very bloom of his youth of all strength-building foods; he must waste and starve to keep his weight down, and he has the sure and certain knowledge that one little slip on his part will deprive him of his livelihood and throw him upon the world unfitted by nature and training for any other job. His life is a dangerous one, a horse crosses his legs and the man on his back is a cripple, dependent on charity. Is it to be expected that jockeys should never bet? Their lives in the saddle are short; owners are not always very generous. A jockey, unless he is one of the big dozen, may not have more than one or two rides a week. Of course he bets.

HE would not be human if he didn't. He has got to put away a bit, and if he is a sensible man and can "carry corn," if he doesn't touch booze and keeps clear of expensive women, he can save enough to keep himself in comfort. Always providing he does not bet too much.

IT is very easy to criticise the man in the saddle. He is on a machine which is travelling 17 yards a second, a machine that thinks and which is often as cunning as a monkey. He has to pit his own brain against his rivals and often against the brute he is riding. A fractional error of judgment may be excused once, or twice, but let him get a name for bad riding and he is finished.

Hard Times.

For men like Donoghue, Jones, Evans, Hulme, Fox, and a dozen others, I have the greatest respect. They have had to "make the best of their way home" on the track of life, and unlike the Woottons and the Leaches and Cannons, who had influential parents behind them, have got home without any other help than their own courage and genius.

Defaulting Bookies.

I HAVE had two complaints this week about defaulting bookmakers. I am extremely sorry for readers who have been robbed, but for the love of heaven why do your business with unknown men when there are hundreds of good bookmakers to bet with? Any man who advertises in the *Sporting Life* is absolutely safe. Hundreds of others (as I have said before) who do not advertise in the *Life* are sound people, but you may not know them. Stick to the man whose advertisements appear in the premier sporting paper.

A Mug or a Liar?

IT is very distressing to get letters from people who say that they have wagered their last bob on my free tips. One man wrote to say that he was unemployed and had borrowed 5s. to back my tip, and now his children were starving! I can only say that any man who backs horses when his children are starving is not only a fool but a blackguard, whether he backs my tips or his own fancies.

The Holy-men of Goodwood.

AT Goodwood, as at all meetings, there was the usual shabby man bearing a placard warning all and sundry that because they were enjoying themselves on the beautiful Sussex Downs they were booked for Hell. This godly man had the placard displayed so that the King and the Queen could not fail to see it. Nobody objects to zealous Christians trying to convert their fellows to a better life, but that hell-and-damnation threat belongs to another age. God isn't the sour and miserable thing these illiterate fanatics think He is.

THESE racecourse holy-men are obsessed with a sense of their own spiritual superiority, and it is their form of vanity to advertise this conviction. When you see a man strutting about the racecourse asking people to prepare to meet their God, you are looking upon the modern equivalent of the Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as other men.

BY the way (and this has nothing to do with racecourse evangelism), the big job about which I advised a few of my readers to be on, did not come off. The horse rapped himself at exercise and did not run, so nobody lost anything.

UNTIL Fordingbridge got her nose in front at Goodwood I had backed 81 consecutive losers on the racecourse, beginning with Selene at Ascot. Now that luck has turned I hope to wipe out my free tip record. At the same time, I would rather start badly than go off with a bang, and, having secured my readers' confidence, let them down.

I have the happy feeling that nobody trusts me now. Nevertheless, send for a free tip this week, and *send either a stamped addressed postcard or a stamped addressed telegraph form.* The wire people may not get the same tip as the post-carders. The reason I want postcards is that when I send out envelopes they take such a dickens of a time to fill that I have to get the tip ready three days before the race is run. And that is fatal.

THOSE people who backed Goldendale should remember that the horse was left 10 lengths and was never in the race with a chance. I am not so sure that Goldendale is the Goldendale we knew, by the way. Leighton ran like Leighton, flattering for a few strides, only to fade away at the finish.

Cheerful—The King.

I never saw the King more cheerful or the Queen looking prettier or more regal than at Goodwood. And it was quaint to hear the enormous crowd that gathered opposite the royal box *clap* instead of cheer. It was one of the nicest racing crowds I have ever seen—and the biggest Goodwood has known in its history.

SPORTS and

IN CONJUNCTION WITH "The SPORTING LIFE"

Free Tips!

The chauffeur who drove me up to the course on Tuesday told me "Tetrameter"; the taxi-man who took me on Wednesday said "Flint Jack," but it was left to the taxi-man on Thursday to hand me a soiled slip of paper which read: "Papyrus, Fordingbridge, Flamboyant, Golden Gorse, Express Delivery"! I hope he backed them.

When I receive a letter from a reader I look first for the address, then for the signature. If the letter is anonymous, it drops gracefully into the w.p.b. Will abusive correspondents please note?

HORSES THAT MAY.

IDUMEA had been well galloped before she went to Goodwood, and in my judgment would have won but for inexperience. This one will win races.

WEATHERVANE was distinctly unlucky to finish out of the first three in the Stewards' Cup. As I saw the race, he was obliterated from view by Tagrag in the earlier stage, and when he did get a clear run he was going great guns.

ARDSCULL is one that is certain to win a seller over a short cut and may be kept in mind. He went better in the race than he did in the market.

PAPYRUS may yet finish as the best of the year. This is a fine big fellow, built to carry weight, and he had the flying La Lumiere stone cold at her best distance.

Place Betting.

A READER is, apparently, concerned for the welfare of those bookmakers who pay place money even when there are only five runners. "Surely," he says, "this is an extraordinarily generous concession." It is and it isn't. Bookmakers are not philanthropists, you may be sure of that, and there is sound reason behind this place betting for five runners.

I HAVE never quite understood why the ordinary civilities should be denied to a man because he trains race horses. It is one of the contentions of the turf that the trainer should be plain "Watson" or "Taylor" or whatever his name may be, unless he runs a horse in his own name, when he automatically becomes "Mister."

We used to call Higgs plain "Higgs" when he was a jockey. To-day he is "Mr. William Higgs" and the wizard of Manton is just "Taylor" and nothing more. It is rather amusing.

THE WEEK'S

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

BRIGHTON (WEDNESDAY). — JUVENILE SELLING: **Scala C.** (Owers Light, Arime). SUSSEX STAKES: **Tete-a-Tete**** (Tagrag, Ciliata) BRIGHTON CUP: **Lord of Burghley** (Montserrat, Sorrel). STANMER SELLING: **Pinak** (Z.Z, Master Shepherd). ROTTINGDEAN PLATE: **Jenny Wise** (Irette).

BRIGHTON (THURSDAY). — WORTHING SELLING: **Hinon** (Martinique, Killeen) BROOKSIDE MAIDEN: **Exchange** (Deflation, Tornaveen). THREE Y.O. HANDICAP: **Wittol*** (Elunyd, Red Rock). BRAMBER SELLING: **Castalian** (Beersheba, Dictynna). CLIFTONVILLE PLATE: **Clare Queen** (Golden Mesh, Irette).

LEWES (FRIDAY).—CASTLE SELLING:

Winners at LEWES

De Warrenne H'cap
ON FRIDAY

Lewes Handicap
ON SATURDAY

Let us tell **YOU** these Winners **FREE.**

These animals are pointed out by the great SUPER-SYSTEM of WINNER-FINDING, and in our opinion they are practic lly

CERTAIN TO WIN.

With these Selections we shall send full particulars of our Great System containing some STARTLING INFORMATION worth £20 to any sportsman.

SEND NO MONEY. We will guide you to the road to success FREE, and only ask you to SEND STAMPED ADDRESS.

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When you are tired of Personal Fancies, Free Tips, and other schemes, send me your address. I will send you proof that bona-fide Occasional Information will bring you sure and substantial profits. Send your stamped address to—

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(DEPT. J.),
65, Hamilton Rd., Coventry.

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TOM LEESON,
Hall Road Avenue, Handsworth, Staffs.

Exclusive Offer to Registered Readers—see page 2

SPORTSMEN

By ROWLEY MILE

Hay and Corn.

People who think that the "hay and corn" winners are confined to the back end should have their heads shaved. This coming month and from now on to Doncaster is the dangerous period of the year, when trainers are finding "one for themselves." The last few weeks of the season are much too risky for these performers—there are too many horses trying.

Meanness.

Talking about trying (and this is apropos of my notes about jockeys) I heard a story about a man who until a year ago was a shining light in the world of sport. He had a horse at a certain meeting, and put up a jockey who was told by the trainer that the horse was a certainty. The jockey had a modest bit each way.

At the last moment the owner came along and said: "I don't think you can win—I don't want you to be second or third. I'm running him at——and I'll give you the odds to £100 if you ride him there."

The horse could have been placed, but the jockey, riding to orders, got him about fourth. The promised meeting came along and the jockey was just getting up when the owner appeared: "There's no market," he said; "the odds to a hundred which I promised you are off!" The unfortunate jockey won his race and then learnt that the mean devil of an owner had packed up a parcel. He got £5 5s. for riding the winner—and that was all. Which supports the conclusion I reached earlier on, namely, that there are ten thieving owners to one dishonest jockey.

Gallio.

I am more than ever convinced, after seeing the race at Goodwood, that Gallio is a 7-furlong horse. Over this distance I think you will find him a smasher when he develops. Anyway, I don't think I should take too much notice of the Goodwood running.

The boys were very, very busy indeed at Goodwood, and daylight hold-ups were all too frequent. A friend of mine saw a man robbed and thrown into a ditch within a dozen yards of a policeman!

Danny.

Why doesn't somebody write the story of Danny Maher? There is material in that unfortunate jockey's life for a stout and fascinating volume. Danny was one of the greatest horsemen we have had on the English turf.

I HAVE given three losing free tips, due largely to the fact that I have to get these tips out days in advance owing to the enormous number of my readers who send for these selections. Those who lost over Tete-a-Tete (ran splendidly for 5½ furlongs and then died to nothing) will have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that I backed the horse to win a fortune.

I SHALL continue sending out free letter tips, and presently we will strike a rich vein, but those of my readers who wish to have a wire on the morning of the race can have a horse telegraphed to them. This will be much more satisfactory for all concerned. Three readers who sent me telegraph forms with a request for a horse that "was not in the Stewards Cup" received "Isabel May." Those who wish to have this wire service should send me a stamped telegraph form to "Rowley Mile," 93, Long Acre.

ROWLEY MILE STONES

We shall see a great exodus of bookmaking firms to Dublin when order is restored in Ireland.

• • •

An American friend who saw the Racing Calendar for the first time thought it was a religious weekly. It doesn't look unlike it.

• • •

Judge Robinson once told me that he didn't know anything about horses—his mind is too completely occupied with colours.

• • •

Watch Scourfield-Davies' horses: they are going well at exercise.

• • •

There is some talk about Blandford and the Cambridgeshire. Why not the Cesarewitch? He stays.

• • •

Horses that are going to do it, never beat horses that have done it.

• • •

The book of form remains the most reliable of guides, in spite of upsets and in and out running. The horse that has done it once usually does it again. There are very few horses that only win one race in a year.

• • •

Greenfinch may improve. At present keep off this overrated plater.

• • •

Follow Weathervane. He was baulked in the Stewards Cup and ran thundering well.

• • •

I shall go through life believing that Lauzun won the Charlton Welter. In my judgment he just got there. The judge thought differently.

• • •

Paola will win races.

• • •

It isn't often you hear "100 to 9 the field" shouted. Yet that was the betting at one time in the Stewards Cup.

• • •

Follow Bouleverse. He was very much expected by his connections in the Stewards Cup, and ran well.

SELECTIONS.

Miss China Keen (S. & M., Maid of the Moor). DE WARRENNE HANDICAP: **Tagrag** (Firedrake, Charles Surface). ASTLEY STAKES: **Volcuse** (Tarvie, Courier). STANMORE HANDICAP: **Radiant River** (Austin Friars, Otford).

LEWES (SATURDAY).—MAIDEN T. O.: **Battle Cruiser**. MOUNT HARRY SELLING: **Zoolphokah** (Scala, Idle Moments). LEWES HANDICAP: **Ardavon**** (Pass the Mint, Vindictive). TELSCOMBE HANDICAP: **Woodford Green** (Gallio, Revival).

SANDOWN PARK (AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY).—MAIDEN PLATE (T.Y.O.): **Phœnix** (Mardina, Krake). SELLING PLATE: **Laugh** (Nonentity, D'yo Ken). HOLIDAY T.O. PLATE: **La Lumiere** (Shri, Wasp). NORTH SURREY HANDICAP: **Backwood** (East Tor, Galway Prince). LUDBROCK SPRINT: **Morning Light**** (Pretty Dick, Thelma). LAMMAR PLATE: **Stavropol**.

A FREE TIP.

Send this coupon and a stamped addressed postcard, or a stamped addressed telegraph form and "Rowley Mile" will send you the latest news for a race next Tuesday.

Name .....

Address .....

Sportingalities

MR. ALEC TAYLOR is really a gentleman-farmer. He has a stable of horses, but you always feel that the stable of horses is a side-line, and the really important business of life with Mr. Taylor has something to do with mangel-wurzels. I might remark in passing that farming is one of the mysteries I have never solved, and that I have only the vaguest idea as to whether farmers grow wheat or tulips.

But I know he is a farmer because when I was at Manton last year, a local authority spoke to me for an hour about Mr. Taylor's crops, and never once mentioned his stayers.

Such men as he are the high priests of Turfdom. You can no more imagine the English turf without a Taylor than you can imagine Lord Lonsdale without a cigar. He is one of the non-betting trainers and there is a story that he once had a stone certainty at Newmarket, and was urged by one of the stable connections to support his horse.

"What price is it?" he asked cautiously, and was told that it was 7 to 4.

"Then put me a fiver each way," were his instructions. It will be admitted that a man who backs his 7 to 4 horse for a place cannot be put into the category of dashing bettors.

It is customary to refer to the Taylors as "wizards," and the title of "Wizard of Manton" is almost an hereditary one; but the wizardry of Mr. Alec Taylor is reducible to hard work, sound judgment and, as I have said, a patience that is hardly human. The present holder of the title, like his father, is a specialist in long distance races and with uncanny precision he can "place" his charges to win.

ALEC TAYLOR.

There is no stable which holds fewer mysteries than Manton—very rarely indeed is a ready-made winner sprung upon the market—except in the case of two-year-old horses the merits of which are necessarily dark. Manton is too big for trickiness.

A delightful simple, charming man, without an atom of side and with a great fund of human kindness, he is nevertheless something of an autocrat. Owners who want to race their horses off their legs, and who wish their animals to run at this, that and the other meeting, do not patronise the Manton stable. He is a trainer of infinite patience and wisdom, and granted that he has excellent material to work upon, he is in some measure responsible for its excellence.

E.W.

FREE. **THE TIC-TAC**

The Private Paper for Winners.

The Tic-Tac is subscribed to by the most astute racing men of the country. During the past six weeks over 30 WINNERS have been given under "Coming Winners," exclusive "Live Wire" Training Reports — INFORMATION not guesswork. Issued at 1s. weekly. Tuesday's issue will contain.

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Another goes at

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ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Readers of "John Bull" who have not yet tried Major Mount are invited to send a stamped addressed envelope for full particulars. He asks for no stipulated odds upon this occasion, but will rely upon the generosity of those who are inclined to appreciate GENUINE INFORMATION by sending presents after they have won. What he does naturally look forward to is further patronage upon his usual

NO WIN NO PAY TERMS,

which are as follows:—

FOR OCCASIONAL EARLY INFORMATION OF JOBS BY SEALED LETTERS, an initial payment (to cover clerical expenses) of 5/- only, and the promise of odds to 2/- for every winner sent for A SERIES OF TEN LETTERS. For LATE (and usually best) CLUB JOBS BY TELEGRAMS, 20/- as initial payment and the odds to 2/6 for every winner sent for A SERIES OF TEN WIRES.

YOU SHOULD JOIN NOW

and perhaps the very day your order arrives the Major may have something to send you that will start you off as A WINNER. Old clients will remember M.M.'s big achievements which include the UNBEATEN RECORD of a run for letter clients of

Eleven Winners, 3 Seconds, 1 Non-Runner,

and only 1 loser out of 16 Selections,

and all proofed to the Press before racing. ONE HORSE ONLY—USUALLY A WINNER, except for Saturday, when two horses are sent. The Major never sends more than one horse—usually a Winner.

DO NOT MISS THIS COUP.

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Why pay Fire Insurance Premiums when "John Bull" insures you FREE?

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

EX-SERVICE men celebrate this week the eighth anniversary of the commencement of their comradeship. Eight years ago the peril of our country brought the first of us together. Through long years of war love of our country kept us together and daily brought others to our side. All sorts and conditions of men felt and obeyed the same loyal impulse, till the Army became the nation in arms.

IN our earlier wars we had professional or conscript armies, bound together by the ties of pay and discipline. In the Great War we had an army of free men, knit together by the bonds of brotherhood and patriotism, obeying the discipline of common service. The striving for equality found a glorious outlet in equality of sacrifice.

It is a good thing for the nation to take stock from time to time of the feelings that moved us in the days of the Great War. Patriotism easily goes out of fashion in times of peace.

YET the principles upon which national life is founded are not changed by the transition from peace to war or from war to peace.

We ex-Service men have special cause to remember this. We have a common pride in loyal service well and truly rendered, and the sense of comradeship that springs from perils faced together. We have a present reason for co-operation in the knowledge that we have still a battle to fight on behalf of those of us who have not yet found a place in the civil life of the community.

IT is for us therefore to keep alive among ourselves and among our fellow citizens that new and better spirit to which the war gave birth. Our country still has need of us to set the old example of true comradeship and honest patriotism.

Haig. F.M.

Apart from Her Husband: — A woman who is living apart from her husband is not regarded by the Ministry of Pensions as being separated unless she holds a Maintenance Order or Deed of Separation against him; and no payment of her allowance is admissible unless the condition is complied with. Any sum due in respect of the pensioner's children living with her may, however, in certain cases be paid to her.

Delay is Dangerous: — Pensions granted under Article 15 of the Royal Warrant will automatically cease on 30th September next in accordance with the provisions of the Warrant. Any widow receiving the 15s. per week under this particular article who has not yet appealed to the Lord Chancellor's Entitlement Tribunal against the decision of the Ministry of Pensions should do so at once. Delay will be dangerous.

Walked Sixty Miles: — Up Newcastle way there is a plucky ex-Service man who in 1915 was wounded twice in the left leg. He could not get work near home, and he was so depressed with idleness that he decided to walk sixty miles to take up casual employment. His first week's earnings were under £1, and in the meantime his wife and family were starving, but their misery was relieved by the attention of the local committee of the Legion, who provided them with food and clothing.

Visits to War Graves: — Facilities can now be obtained for near relatives of British dead to visit the war graves in France and Flanders. Those eligible to take advantage of the concession are: grandparents, parents, widows, children, brothers and sisters. It will only be possible to benefit by the reduction in fares on railways at home if parties of not less than twelve travel together (twenty-four in the case of the S.E. & C. and L.B. & S.C. Railways). Through co-operation with the F.I.D.A.C., the Legion has obtained the consent of the French railways for half fares for one visit a year for each of the near relatives, from the port of disembarkation to the cemetery.

Small Business Owners: — A Birmingham man with some little ambition borrowed £25 from the Unity Relief Fund to start a business. His shop was in the right centre, and he chose the right trade. From the first day the venture proved successful, and within a month he had repaid half the loan from his profits. Another man got a loan to start an electric-bell, lighting and repair business, and he, too, is doing extremely well. A third man was unable to follow his pre-war occupation owing to his severe disability. The Unity Relief Fund started him as a mineral-water merchant in a small way, and, like the others, he is also making a comfortable living.

No Class Distinction: — Legal help, whenever possible, is given by the Shrewsbury branch, which has several solicitors as officials. Two members were summoned for having taken their children from the Council school and sent them to a private school. The educational authorities, when the case was taken to court, said the private school was not a recognised school; but the Legion pointed out that well-to-do parents who sent their children to unrecognised private schools were not prosecuted. The magistrates felt they could not make fish of one and fowl of the other, and so dismissed the case.

Out in Mespot.:—A soldier was ordered to Mesopotamia to serve as a temporary manager in the Military Dairy Farms Department. Owing to the fluctuations in the rates of the exchange, and to his transfers from one part of the country to another, the accounts of the man got hopelessly muddled up, and he was unable to receive his proper pay. His remonstrances with the responsible authorities brought him no redress, and he reported the facts to the Legion. We took the matter up, but as the correspondence had to be conducted with the authorities in the Middle East it was not until last week that the man received notification that he would be credited with £77 12s. as arrears of pay.

Trifles That Worry: — The Ministry of Pensions go on effecting economies in trifles, but they should not forget that it is the trifles which agitate the ex-Service man so much. No pre-paid postage is now allowed to patients undergoing treatment with allowances, so that when they return declarations, treatment cards, or doctors' certificates, all their letters must be stamped at their own expense. The Ministry will excuse themselves on the ground that they will be effecting a substantial saving, as 82,750 men are now receiving out-patient treatment. However, the fact that the men have got to pay another 1½d. out of their allowance will not make them think any the better of the Ministry.

Guardians Want Pension Money:— The Legion supported a widow when she took her case before the Tribunal, but on the evidence submitted the Court could not allow the appeal. They were anxious, however, to help the woman as much as possible, and they referred the reports of the evidence to a Harley Street specialist for his observations. This subsequent report was in favour of the widow, who is now getting a pension of 44s. 2d. per week for herself and two children. This sum will be especially helpful to her, as she was on the point of selling up the little home. A week or so after her success the widow was informed that the Guardians intended to recover from her the amount she had received in relief. The Legion, however, persuaded them that it was not right that they should pursue the course they had intended.

Tribunals Not Bogeys: — The Tribunals are not really the bogeys they appear to be to so many peoples Here is a case in point. The other day the Legion gave its assistance to an ex-Service man, but when he came before the Court he contradicted all the statements that appeared in his medical history, saying that he was in camp when he was in hospital and that he was in hospital when he was in camp. The Tribunal told him that actually on his own evidence he had lost his case, but that on his medical reports they had no alternative but to grant him a pension. To add to his surprise, his rate of disability was increased by about 30 per cent.

Prospects Less Dreary: — Not a hundred miles from Brighton there is an ex-Service man who is almost totally blind. His infirmity was not due to any war service, and consequently he had no pension upon which he could depend. To add to his worries, he became ineligible for unemployment or national health insurance benefit. With no financial resources, he was at the end of his tether until the Legion came to his aid and gave him encouraging help. His prospects are now less dreary.

All Over the World:—Branches of the Legion are to be found all over the world, almost literally from China to Peru. Hong-Kong Legionaires do much useful work, and at Santos, in Brazil, a flourishing branch also extends a helping hand to men who have found themselves stranded. The branch warns ex-Service men against emigrating to Brazil on the off-chance of a job.

Our Daily "Thank You":—A Dover widow writes:—"I have received the official notice from the Pensions Appeal Tribunal to say my appeal is allowed. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel to the British Legion, to whom I am sure I owe my success. On behalf of my children and myself I thank you most sincerely for taking up my case. Wishing every success to the British Legion in their efforts to get justice for the ex-Service men and their dependents."

"Is that CORN COMING BACK AGAIN?"

If you merely cut the top OFF it certainly will. The business end is the root. You must get it OUT.

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

Also it hurts, and the root just sprouts right up again, so your corn soon has a brand-new top, making it bigger and more painful than ever. The top is only dead skin anyway. Get at the little pointed part or core that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out. **A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap.** Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and it will come out root and all. The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little and any chemist will have it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles and keep them so.

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Usual Size (4 ozs net) 10d.

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Andrews' is a natural means of promoting *and maintaining* physical well-being. It quickly, and gently, rectifies the disturbing-effects almost invariably induced by change of air, food and habit. So put a Tin of Andrews' in your bag and go away *fully* prepared to extract every ounce of enjoyment from your Summer Holiday.

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(1) Combined Tooth Brush, Lid Opener, Scoop-measure and Stirrer. (2) Nickel-plated Pencil Case with re-fills. (3) Self-filling Fountain Pen. (4) 2-bladed pocket knife. You can have *any one* of the above if you send Lids from 1 small or six large Andrews' Tins to the address alongside. Say which one of the four gifts you need and write distinctly.

Taken first thing on rising, a glass of Andrews' will counteract the effect of change . . . will help to give, *and keep*, that feeling of fitness which makes the most of the holiday-hours. It may not be absolutely necessary but, *just to make sure*, take Andrews' each morning whilst you are away. You will find it well worth while.

One of Andrews' special virtues is that it can be taken with benefit by all. Children *like* it, grown-ups and elderly people regard it as a helpful standby. Andrews' will be found in countless homes where all-the-family keep cheery and well. In the bath-room at home, or in your holiday-bag, a Tin of Andrews' makes for good-cheer.

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Mrs. Taylor, of 29, Diamond-road, Slough, Bucks, says: "I am writing to say that Germolene has completely cured my little girl, aged five, and my boy, aged 10, of ringworm. It was a great trouble to me when I found they were suffering from this complaint. The ointments and preparations prescribed did not appear to have any effect, and the nurse attending advised the X-ray treatment, but this I was unwilling to try.

"Reading about cures effected by Germolene, I was induced to give it a trial, and I am very thankful I did. Very soon the children were both quite free of the trouble.

"The next time the nurse called she was astonished to find the children cured, and asked me what I had used, saying she had never in her experience seen so rapid a cure. I think Germolene is wonderful."

Marjory & Charles Taylor.

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London Mail

SUMMER NUMBER

Price 6d.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Gilt-Edged First.

Sporadic attempts have been made for some weeks past to instil new life into Home Rails, Kaffirs and Oils, but every little engineered spurt has been followed by a reaction, the public wisely pinning its faith to the gilt-edged section. Quotations in that department continue to creep up, while every new issue of the cast-iron class is promptly over-subscribed. The slump following upon the speculative follies of a couple of years ago has taught investors to be cautious. These are days of financial tightness.

To "Constant Readers."

Notwithstanding that on July 8th I printed a warning against George A. Johns and Co., of Newington Causeway, and their preposterous offer of supposed oil lands in Texas at £3 per acre, I am still receiving enquiries from "Constant Readers" who have overlooked my paragraph. Perhaps this is because Johns and Co. have altered the form of their circulars. No matter what form these circulars take, the lure should be carefully avoided.

Radio Rubbish.

The Lincoln Trust Co., of 62, Oxford Street, W.1, is of American origin. That much is clear from the phraseology of its circular offering to sell at par 1s. shares in the British Radio Sales Co., which does not appear to be registered, and about which no particulars are given. The circular is full of flamboyant flapdoodle, such as this:—"Bear in mind the above prices will be advanced 50 per cent. July 30th, 1922. We strongly advise that you send your reservation by telegraph." The Trust does not disclose the name of its proprietor. What has the Business Names Registry to say?

Rubber Roadways.

Rubber Roadways, Ltd., has lately presented its annual report. The company has not yet achieved a triumph, but its perseverance is worthy of praise, inasmuch as its efforts may eventually assist in solving the problem of the rubber glut. That is really the object of its being. It is expressly stated that the company was not formed for dividend earning purposes.

Another Nakamun.

Mr. George Westcott is once more on this side, and from 48, Dover St., W. 1, is endeavouring to dispose of shares in the Nakamun Coals, Gas and Petroleum, Ltd., which appears to be a resuscitation of that pre-war fiasco, the Nakamun Asphalt and Oil Co., Ltd. This concern, he states, has been forced into liquidation, but its old shareholders can renew their interest by subscribing 5d. a share. Even if I had a few fivepences to spare, I should not entrust them to Mr. Westcott.

L.C.C. Housing Bonds.

I have recently had two or three enquiries as to the possibility of selling London County Council 6 per cent. Housing Bonds. There is no difficulty. The price on the Stock Exchange is about 102½ per cent. If the holder does not know a stockbroker he can do the business quite easily and economically through a bank. The production of the scrip and evidence of good faith would be quite sufficient in the way of credentials.

National Benefit Assurance.

The appointment of a receiver in the matter of the National Benefit Assurance Co. is startling after the lengthy and prosperous record which that concern has enjoyed. So far as I am able to gather, policy-holders are not likely to be victimised, though the position of the shareholders is more obscure. The misfortunes of the company appear to be due to ill-luck or over-optimism, based upon the boom of a couple of years ago. I have heard no whisper of fraud.

Et Hoc Genus Omne.

The London and Foreign Trust, Ltd., of 11, Waterloo Place, S.W.1., and 10-11, Broad Street Avenue, E.C.2, has qualified to be added to my list of outside brokers who had better be left alone. Others are R. and A. Stewart, Ltd., R. A. Smith and Co., A. W. Cornforth and Co., A. Macey and Co., the London County Trust, Ltd., Mr. George Hills, the Pall Mall Industrial Investments, Ltd., and all people who send circulars inviting money without an introduction.

Three Tips.

Bengal Telephone 7 per cent. first mortgage Bonds can be bought at par, and therefore show a clean return of 7 per cent., less income tax. Such yields are growing fewer every day. Platt Brothers Ordinary, recently offered for sale at 43s. per 22s. 6d. share, did not go well with the public and are now obtainable at about 39s. 6d. They are cheap in a speculative way, recent dividends having hovered between 15 and 20 per cent. Metropolitan Vickers 8 per cent. cumulative Preference shares of £2 each, to be had at about 50s., show a yield of £6 8s. per cent. All these three are desirable holdings.

Cheaper Train Fares.

We hear they are on the way at last. What a bargain the old penny a mile rate does seem now! But there are still some bargains left even in these hard times. What about JOHN BULL'S Home Insurance which is absolutely free?

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

6.—How Britain Earns Her Daily Bread

BRITAIN has for so many years earned her living by world trade that perhaps we ought not to be surprised if so many of our people fail to understand that our prosperity depends upon the progress of the world at large.

For nothing is so likely to escape attention as that which has occurred regularly and unfailingly for a very long period. When foods and materials which we do not and cannot produce ourselves come to us in apparently endless supply, we may easily make the mistake of attaching little importance to their origin and to the means which earn them.

Thus it has been before in the world with other great States. The people of the once mighty Venetian Republic, for example, found it difficult to understand why their oversea supplies ceased, and why ruin followed after centuries of wealth and pride.

For nearly 50 millions of people to earn a good living in two small islands is no little matter. The islands confined to their own resources could perhaps support 20 millions, *if the 20 millions were content to accept a much lower standard of living than we now enjoy.* But we are not content, and properly not content, with the standard we possess for our 50 millions. To maintain that standard, or to increase it, we must trade freely, liberally, and ever more liberally, with the entire world.

Profitable trade implies the existence of prosperous customers. In the years from 1900 to 1914 we were doing exceedingly well because all the world was prospering. It was not a case of one nation expanding while other nations stood still. All the nations were increasingly trading with each other. Not only our own exports, but those of the United States, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Japan, Argentina, the British Dominions, etc., *expanded simultaneously.*

Now we are witnesses of a very different process. We are impoverished because our oversea trade has fallen off. Our oversea trade has diminished with the external trade of other nations. *We are poorer because the world is poorer,* and the world is poorer because national credits have broken down, because the machinery of trade is out of gear, and because men no longer have the old confidence to enter into trade bargains.

BLIGHTED FROM BIRTH

Child Life Crippled in the Cradle

THIS is a plea on behalf of Britons yet unborn.

Life has no more valuable gift to offer than a healthy body and a sound mind. If the splendidly high standard of physical, mental and moral qualities which was nature's priceless bestowal upon their forebears is not to be filched from the rising generation, something must be done, and done quickly, to protect the children of the nation.

Too much is heard of birth control, which is nothing but an excuse for neglecting a most important duty. What is required is a realisation of the necessity for the *protection of motherhood.*

According to the Registrar-General, 600,000 babies were lost to England and Wales as a result of the war. Some may find consolation in the fact that the birth-rate for 1920, 25.5 per 1,000, was the highest since 1909. But, on the other hand, the rate of infant mortality, though declining, was still as high as 80 per 1,000.

The fact that nearly 55 of every 1,000 babies born are doomed to death in infancy gives food for serious reflection, and should restrain the raptures of those who fondly imagine that because the total number of births in 1920 was the greatest ever recorded, the vital stock of the nation necessarily stands at a high level.

These figures are serious enough, but they provide no means of ascertaining the physical and mental condition of the children who survive. The impairment of vigour and intelligence of the coming race due to inattention at birth, malnutrition and parental ignorance, can only be conjectured.

During 1920, pregnancy or childbirth accounted for the deaths of 4,144 women. Of how many women of the poorer working classes can it be said that they receive proper attention during childbirth? As a rule they are entirely dependent on the services of midwives. Is a midwife always handy? Most decidedly not. In some districts there are no midwives for miles, no maternity homes, no infant welfare centres, and many a mother is left without attention in her hour of greatest need.

A child brought into the world in this way is handicapped on the very threshold of existence, and even if it lives is often branded from birth with some infirmity.

A distinguished American medical visitor recently said, "I do not think that English children look nearly as well as they ought to look."

The Ministry of Health should lose no time in remedying this state of things, for the mothers of the nation should be its first care.

TORTURED TOMMIES

Miseries of the Mentally Afflicted

OUR revelation of the tragic plight of mentally afflicted ex-Service men who are herded together with pauper lunatics in County Asylums has not been without effect. A wave of burning indignation at the disgraceful treatment of these helpless heroes has swept over the country, and there is now hope that the Government will be moved to effect some amelioration of their sad condition and put an end to the shameful scandal.

The Bristol City Council have commendably passed a resolution, which has been forwarded to the Prime Minister, the Minister of Pensions, and the local Members of Parliament, calling for an immediate redress of the state of things at Fishponds, and a Parliamentary Inquiry has been promised and will be held within the next few weeks.

The matter, however, is one of more than local interest.

To describe the treatment of these unfortunate men as torture is no exaggeration. Here is an extract from a signed statement by an ex-Service man who was incarcerated for six months in Fishponds Asylum:—

"I can vouch for the fact that when any of the ex-Service mental patients appear excited the plan is to drug them. This drug or dope does not wear away for three days. I constantly saw men walking about in a completely dazed condition for days, and often noticed them with cut cheeks and hands.

"They would be so completely dazed that they would not know what they were doing. They would be so helpless that they often knocked all the dishes off the table, then they would fall on the floor and get hurt or injured."

Is not such inhuman treatment torture?

Among the sufferers at Fishponds is a Mons hero who has been detained under these vile conditions for the last three years, and without any pension.

The dietary of these patients is a grave reproach to the nation. No butter is allowed. A mug of cocoa, with one slice of bread and margarine, is served at 8.30 a.m. for breakfast, and similar bread and scrape, with tea, constitutes the last meal of the day at 5.30 p.m. By no stretch of imagination can this be considered sufficient nourishment to last for 15 hours.

Is such semi-starvation not torture?

Everyone who desires an alleviation of the sufferings of these poor fellows—and who does not?—should communicate with his representative in Parliament and urge upon him the necessity for seeing that the Government does not shirk its plain duty.

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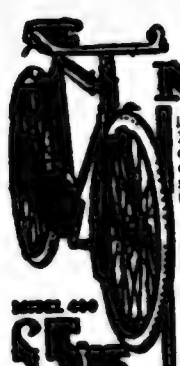

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"John Bull's Letter Bag"

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Justice or Persecution?" But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

QUEENIE (Bath).—"Do you like my name?" No; it is worse than Liz.

TIM (Buxton).—"I approve entirely of every word in JOHN BULL." This is too much.

JAMES (Hertford).—"I do not agree with Mr. Winston Churchill." There are a lot of you.

TWO GIRLS (York).—"We do not believe in marriage." We are getting a divorce immediately.

METRO (Chiswick).—"I have been swindled by my best friend." We should hardly call him that.

TENDER ONE (Hythe).—"I hate to think of the poor cattle being slaughtered for food." Don't think, eat.

WANDERER (Hull).—"I am still waiting for your apology." We are sending you a few old magazines to help pass the time.

UNICORN (Wales).—"You can say what you like about Lloyd George." We have been waiting anxiously for your permission.

BEN (Salisbury).—"Has a man the right of marrying his first cousin?" He has the privilege, Ben, if the first cousin is willing.

JESSICA (Edinburgh).—"Girls can never resist their curiosity." This probably accounts for some of the curiosities they marry.

WOOLLY BEAR (Dewsbury).—"The rich do not have the best of times." We hope to be able to tell you one of these days how it feels.

LADDY (Ely).—"I have twenty rare foreign stamps to sell." The rarest of all was the British one you didn't put on your letter to us.

LADY —— (Harrogate).—"I wonder if your readers realise the expenses of motoring." Most of our readers are realising the expenses of keeping alive.

WORKLESS (Chatham).—"What is the difference between the Third International and the Fourth?" It isn't so much a difference as a downright quarrel.

DON (Buxton).—"I have never yet met the woman who was mentally my equal." We imagine that your circle of women acquaintances is as limited as your sense of modesty.

A. L. B. (Bristol).—"What will happen when the Canadian cattle come into England?" They will probably make derisive "moos" at the Tryhards who tried to keep them out.

SIDDON (Chichester).—"Who is the fastest man typist in England?" R. G. Curtis, who is typing these replies.

WALTER (Dundee).—"I am sending you a little poem *a la* Kipling." And we are sending it back *a la* lightning.

LITTLE BON MARCHE (Teignmouth).—"Last week I have had no fewer than three proposals of marriage." We are thrilled.

COLLING BROWN (Hull).—"The world will end in 85,000,000 years." You might remind us a week or two before it happens.

MOTHER (Ludlow).—"The way young girls go on nowadays is dreadful." They probably think that they won't get off, if they don't go on.

JELLY FISH (Clacton).—"Why do people cross the sea for a holiday?" They cross the sea for the same reason that the chicken crossed the road.

SCORNFUL (Haslemere).—"I can only wish you the fate you deserve." Look in the Hours on Lit and see if your wish comes off.

SUNDAY GAMES (Salford).—"God never intended cricket to be played on Sundays." You people who profess to speak with divine authority make us sick.

FELLOW (Oxford).—"I am not so sure that education is appreciated by the masses." The masses have precious little time to appreciate anything but rest.

GENERAL (Cheltenham).—"The touting bookmaker is a pest." And generally a bad payer, General. Stick to the men who advertise in the reputable newspapers.

GOLDFINDER (Weston-super-Mare).—"I have heard from a man in Spain who is a prisoner and has hidden a lot of money." One of the oldest swindles in the world.

PRITCHARD (Bolton).—"You ought to be cleaning windows for a living." So long as we are doing something for a living and not living on the dole, we shall be your superior.

MARY (Eastbourne).—"How long should a girl know a man before she becomes engaged to him?" Neither Moses, Socrates, Solomon nor Hammurabi could answer that question.

CURIOUS (Alfriston).—"What is the League of Nations doing?" Spending our money.

HOLIDAYMAKER (Margate). — Certainly you can send your "Bullets" from your holiday address.

QUEST (W. Hartlepool).—"I am always telling my wife to economise." What a happy woman she must be!

X. Z. (Chelmsford).—"Who called music-hall artists 'stars'?" Music hall artists.

J. J. (Worthing).—"My husband says that JOHN BULL is a bad paper." Hit him for us, will you?

UNCLE (Balham).—"The best present to give to a boy is a little hard work." It is sad to think that you once wore knickers.

TIDE (Gravesend).—"The pilot's job is no *sine qua non*." Nor a *pied de terre* either. "Sinecure" is the word you want, Tidy.

PARENT (Poole).—"A child who tells lies should be beaten." If for every lie *you* told you were beaten, you'd shudder at the sight of a chair.

COON (Cardiff).—"Your indecent remarks about black men are resented. I am black and have a white fiancée." Your "white fiancée" should be smacked.

ALBERT (Chelsea).—"We have had an argument as to what 'Goat and Compasses' (a public house sign) means." It is a corruption of "God encompasseth us."

OVERSTAUNG (Maidstone).—"My people cannot understand my artistic temperament." As they think it is swank and laziness, they seem to have got a really good idea.

SAVED (——).—"I want to thank Humanist and JOHN BULL for saving my reason and life." Yours is only one of many letters received written in the same strain.

TRILBY (Ostende).—"There is nothing objectionable about a woman's beautiful figure in bathing dress." Personally we never object to anything except cant, prurience and hypocrisy.

WORRIED (Manchester).—"I have had a circular letter which says that if I don't send it to nine people I shall have bad luck." Post it back to the man who sent it, and put no stamp on the letter.

H. L. (Bradford).—"Coal getting is an up and down existence." So is a lift man's job.

INNOCENT (Devizes).—"What is the best game for two?" Picquet, bezique, tennis and love-making.

YOUNG WIDOW (Sutton).—"Your sarcasm about widows marrying twice is in very bad taste." We squirm.

CROWN (Horsham). — "I despise churchgoing people." You are wrong; some of them are good Christians.

WELCOME HOME (Cornwall).—"My wife is very cool toward me since I ran away from her." How strange women are!

FATHER JOHN (Anglesea).—"Has 'East Lynne' ever been produced on the stage?" How long have you been dead?

LOBENGULA (Bournemouth).—"I was born under an unlucky star." Write to the Astronomer Royal and have it shifted.

K. L. (Andover).—"My son does not like girls' society." You had better see a doctor; there is something wrong with him.

JEW (Manchester).—"I would like to say that JOHN BULL is always fair to the Jews." We are always fair to everybody.

SMILED (Wanstead).—"I have plenty of work, I have saved money, and I have no troubles whatever." We are having your letter framed.

ANXIOUS (Tilbury).—"How can I keep my husband at home in the evenings?" Have you tried chloroforming him?

AGNES (Portsmouth).—"I am very lonely. Can you put me in communication with a nice man?" Agnes! We *are* surprised at you!

D. (Middlesbrough).—"Since I have got on I have had my clothes made in London." And your hats made in a balloon factory, we understand.

JEWELLER (Bradford).—"Women are very difficult to please nowadays." And men haven't the money to please them in the way that would suit you.

CHORUS GIRL (London, S.W.).—"The stage is not a profession that I can recommend." And if you did recommend it, people would probably take no notice of you.

HAWKSEYE (Belfast).—"Hanging is too good for a man like the villain who murdered a little child." Let us get him out of the world—that is the only thing that matters.

Co (London, E.C.).—"Since the case came into Court, my friends have chucked me." According to the evidence, you didn't behave like a little gentleman, did you?

GARDENER (Kew).—"I have promised to marry a young lady, and am now anxious to get out of it. What should a gentleman do?" We do not think that that information would be of any use to you.

P. L. M. (Dover).—"Has the seventh son of a seventh son any particular virtues?" We have never met one, but we understand that they stay out late at night, and are always short of money in the middle of the week—like other sons.

HOUSEHOLDER (Taunton).—"I have been paying for fire insurance for some years but have now registered for JOHN BULL's which is free . . . ." Sir, your perspicacity is marvellous. In fact, thousands of other readers have been struck by this something-for-nothing idea.

(*Continued on p. 26*).

SHE WROTE—SHE IS HAPPY

HUMANIST tells us that he had a letter from a girl in the greatest trouble; for years a horror was on her mind. What it was only Humanist knows, for nobody opens his letter-bag but he. Now the girl is happy. She has opened her heart to Humanist. She has *told* somebody, and her troubles are vanishing rapidly. Write to Humanist, *not* about your unemployment, *not* about your pension troubles, but the big sorrow that is clouding your life. Mark your letter "Humanist," JOHN BULL, 94, Long Acre, W.C.2., and he will help you.

THE TRUE BOTTOMLEY

TRAGEDIES OF THE SQUANDERED MILLIONS.

More Startling Revelations

By H. J. HOUSTON, O.B.E.

IN NEXT SUNDAY'S

NEWS OF THE WORLD

The 3,000,000 Sale Sunday Paper

Ask your Newsagent to deliver YOU a copy EACH Sunday.

WORRIED MINERS.

Torn Between Home and Loyalty.

by Our Special Commissioner

FROM the moment when I stepped out of Cardiff station and ran the gauntlet of the legion of small boys who begged me to give them the chance of earning a copper by carrying my suit-case, I felt myself to be in an atmosphere of strain and worry. It was not, however, until I got into the thick of the miners that I began to be worried myself. This feeling of worry grew from day to day as I went among, and talked with, haggard, anxious men, anæmic, hopeless looking women, and palpably un erfed children.

I started in at the Swansea end of the coalfield and so did not get the shock that I would have had if I had started at the eastern end and dropped on Blaina, where only two collieries out of seven are working and fourteen thousand persons are always hungry. Blaina cannot get any rates in and cannot borrow any more money, which about qualifies it for the unenviable position of the worst spot on the whole coalfield. Abertillery is bad also, for here there are uncollectable arrears of rates that are said to exceed a hundred thousand pounds, and the Rhondda Valley, baddish now, is going to be worse apparently, for between three and four thousand men got their notices whilst I was there.

Although only about half of the ten thousand miners at the western end are working full-time, and of the remainder half are working half-time and half are off altogether, the distress is not nearly so noticeable as it is at the eastern end. I was told that the reason for this is the fact that the western miner finds it much easier to get credit than his eastern prototype, because he sticks to his village and inspires confidence both in the retailer and the wholesaler, who extends the retailer's credit so that the latter can grub-stake the miners. The miners at the eastern end are more or less birds of passage and their credit is very strictly limited.

Even the miner who is working full-time is having by no means an easy time of it. The South Wales coalfield has been worked at a considerable loss for many months past, and the coal-owners have had to draw on capital to pay even the minimum wage provided for in the agreement now in force.

This minimum wage is twenty per cent. more than the wage obtaining in 1914—that is to say, a man who got two pounds ten in 1914 will be getting three pounds now. But, as the index figure of the cost of living is now round about 180, he really gets in purchasing power only two-thirds of what he got in 1914, and is consequently on the verge of starvation even though he is working full-time.

All this is quite sufficient to account for that heart-breaking look n the miners' faces; but there is an even greater worry behind.

It is the worry of having to decide between their duty to their wives and children and what they conceive to be their duty to fellow trade-unionists.

American buyers are thronging the Cardiff Exchange to buy Welsh coal for the purpose of export to America to break the strike there. The American miners say that they have a promise from the Welshmen, at any rate, that they will not mine coal for export to America during a strike, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that it is so, for the South Wales miners, or maybe it is only their leaders, are red internationalists to a man.

Coal is being bought and sold for export without either the seller or the buyer knowing if it will be forthcoming. The miners have got to decide that, and the struggle between loyalty to their leaders and the American miners on the one hand, and the burning desire to see their wives and children eating their full on the other, is worrying them intensely.

Personally I do not see why it should in the least. The American miners made no bones about getting coal for export to this country during our big miners' strike, and I cannot see for a moment that they are entitled to receive better treatment than they gave.

A BOLSHEVIK BISHOP

An Apostle of Anarchy

ONE of the most dangerous and insidious foes that civilisation has to guard itself against in these testing times is the hypocritical priest who, whilst wearing the cloth of his Order, labours to destroy *all* order.

We have an example of this in the Rev. Conrad Noel, the revolutionary Vicar of Thaxted; but a more disturbing exemplar is Bishop William Montgomery Brown, D.D., of the American Episcopal Church, who styles himself the "Bishop of the Bolsheviks and Infidels."

A book by this subversive cleric, entitled "Communism and Christianism," is now being sold in England, and is of such a character that it is astonishing it has not yet been suppressed by the authorities.

This renegade priest invites his readers to "Come over and help us make the world safe for industrial democracy by banishing the personal, conscious gods from the sky. . . . But in coming there is no need for leaving your church any more than there is for leaving your state. . . I shall remain in both as long as the powers that be allow it. . . ."

There has been talk of the American Church authorities bringing this man to trial, and a strong agitation in the Press in favour of his prosecution for blasphemy.

His poisonous propaganda must be stopped in England, anyhow.

ADVERTISING PAST AND PRESENT

by J. H. McARTHUR

Managing Director of Edward Hunter & C

IT is interesting to note the vast changes which have occurred in advertising since this method of salesmanship was first introduced. In its earliest form—the crying of wares in the market places—it is still indulged in to some small extent, but to-day merchants mainly rely on the Press to advertise their goods.

Apart from announcements dealing with books and quack medicines, the first Press advertisement appeared in 1658. It introduced a new commodity, "*An approved China drink called Tee.*" Soon, however, competition commenced and traders rivalled one another in their exaggerated and crudely presented claims. To-day a successful advertisement calls for the skill of the artist and of the trained writer to present truthfully and attractively the merits of the goods.

The Press is coming to realise its responsibility to its readers with regard to Advertising, and a journal of standing, like JOHN BULL, guarantees the validity of all trade announcements published, thus eliminating all doubtful and spurious goods.

The Shop Window

Carpentier is as full of brains as he is of "punch." From the handsome shilling magazine, *The Picturegoer*, we learn that he is appearing on the films. His photo is shown this week in the advertisement of the well-known Mail Order Tailors, S. A. Barry and Co. He always takes care to link himself up with good people.

There is no reason why any of our readers should suffer foot discomfort. Dr. Scholl's free booklet gives details of many scientific appliances, and his advertisement is certainly interesting.

If troubled with corns, read the Reudel Bath Saltrates advt.

Undoubtedly motor-cycling is the easiest and cheapest form of travelling to-day. The Martinsyde is a splendid machine. Catalogue and details of their easy payment system will be sent on application.

Those who cannot quite rise to a motor-bike should follow the advice given by Dunlop's and "cycle to the sea." Both the cycles advertised in this issue are thoroughly good and low-priced.

The offer made by the proprietors of Hood's Medicine proves their confidence for the book, and six days' trial tablets at the price of 1s. must show them a heavy loss.

Among the "Small Advs. Worth Watching" is one of Chadwick's "Claremont" Hotel, Douglas. JOHN BULL readers will find a holiday there very pleasant and inexpensive.

Our Guarantee

"Does this apply to the racing ads."? This is a frequent query. Of course it does not, though we take every precaution to insert only announcements from people who are regarded as reliable. But *all* trade advertisements (those of goods) are covered by it—even the tiny "smalls."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

CURLEY (New Cross).—"Many a time I've thought of having a cut at your Bullets." Wouldn't have "a shot" be more accurate? Shoot!

TAILOR (Manchester).—"I fear that godliness as our fathers understood the expression is *non est*." Cheer up, misery.

OLD 'UN (Wells).—"I have authentic documents to prove my great-great-grandmother was admired by Charles II." Why give the poor old lady away?

CHESTER MAN (Chester).—"Cheshire has produced some wonderful men and women." And cheese.

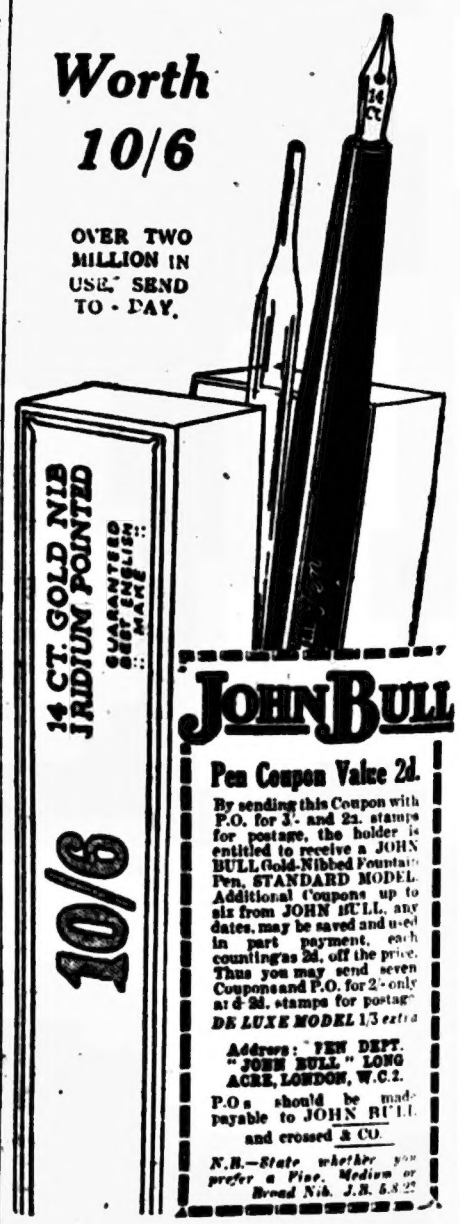
UNIFORM (Bradford).—"Can you give me any information about poker work?" No. Personally we go in for gas-fires.

ETHEL (Norwood).—"My puppy insists upon biting my visitors' legs." Ask your vistors not to bring their legs; after all, what is a leg more or less?

TARBRUSH (Glasgow).—"What would you call a man whose grandfather was half-black and whose mother was half Chinese?" Unfortunate.

PAT (Gloucester).—"Can you recommend a good book dealing with crime?" The War Office will soon be issuing their Report on Canteens, "The Story of the World's Biggest Misdeal."

(Continued on Next Page.)


Worth
10/6
OVER TWO MILLION IN USE. SEND TO-DAY.
14 CT. GOLD NIB IRIDIUM POINTED
GUARANTEED BEST ENGLISH MAKE
10/6
JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon Value 2d.
By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 6-2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 extra
Address: PEN DEPT. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib. J.B. 5.8.22

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

LET LIVE (Oxford).—"Prison is all wrong." There are quite a lot of lads who will agree with you.

GRIM (Grimsby).—"The sea as a profession is humdrum and unprofitable." In fact, a wash out.

CHRISTIAN (Worcester).—"The calm of Sunday will be broken by the sound of cricket noises." And tennis racquets.

SOL (Norwich).—"We have two people here over a hundred years old." And we hope they stay there for a long time.

MERRY THOUGHT (Harrogate).—"I always say, 'Why sleep? You'll be a long time dead.'" If you don't sleep you'll be a long time dead sooner.

ALICE (Accrington).—"Do you wish to see the world a saner place—advocate prohibition!" The best way to make the world saner is to abolish cranks.

FAIRY (Surbiton).—"What will happen when there is no income tax?" You are already taxing our imagination.

ENQUIRER (Walham Green).—"According to Sir L. Worthington Evans, the only cure for unemployment is emigration—is this what we fought for?" See the cartoon in the *Passing Show* for a complete answer to your question.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

A Short-Timer's Windfall

To be on short time at his trade of maker-up in a dye works ever since he was demobilised in January, 1919, has been the unfortunate experience of Mr. Harry Petty, of 25, Dalcross Street, West Bowling, Bradford.

Having a wife and two children to support, like a sensible man he turned his attention to "Bullets," and reaped a rich reward the First Prize of £500, in Competition 453.

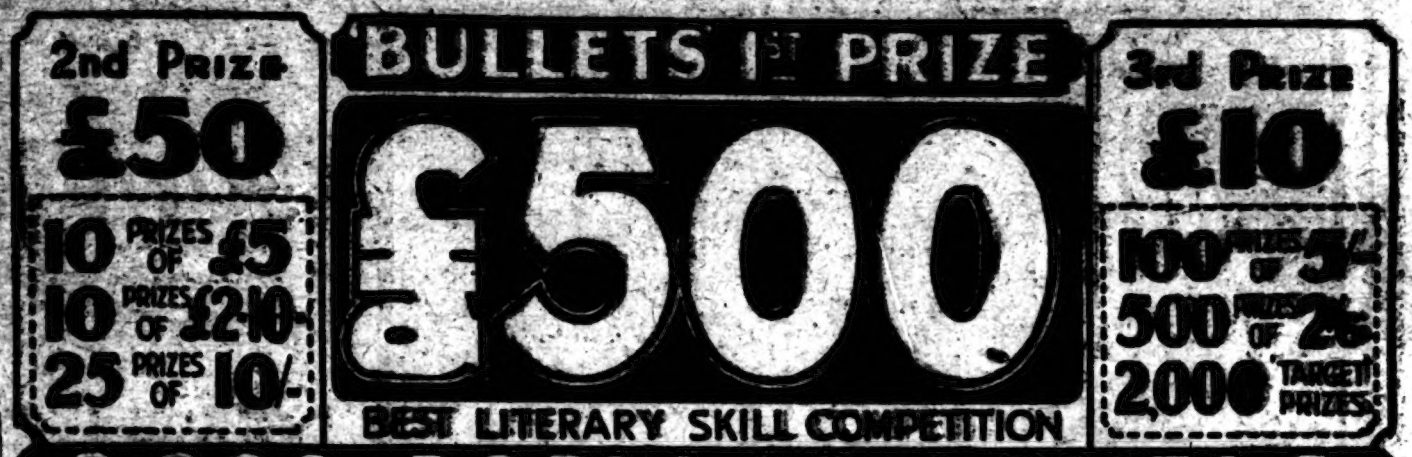
"I must thank you with all my heart for the fall," he says. "It is a godsend. My wife is already arranging a week's holiday for the family; we shall be able to get many necessary requirements for the home, and the remainder will go in a nice nest-egg for a rainy day."

There is a windfall of £500 to be picked up by a clever competitor this week. "Gather your windfalls!" as Evelyn said.

Carry Your JOHN BULL With You.

Look Out for the JOHN BULL Man

IF you should happen to be in Hastings on August 3, or in Margate on August Bank Holiday, be sure and carry your copy of JOHN BULL with you. Already there have come to our ears some wonderful stories concerning the way in which readers are going to display their copies of JOHN BULL in order to catch the eye of the JOHN BULL Man. Those who contrive to do so will share in a magnificent distribution of prizes consisting of wrist watches, motor flashlights and purses, plate-ware and automatic pens, all for the ladies; and dressing cases, pouches and cigarette cases and pocket knives for the men. Last but not least, you may win a handsome massive silver-plated tea and coffee set. A word to the wise: carry your JOHN BULL with you.



LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 456.

BY WHALEBONE
MIGHTY ATOM
BEARING DONKEY
GLUTTON FOR WORK
WHEN PURSE IS FULL
A FAIR TRIAL
MOST CURIOUS
UNDERTAKERS LAMP
WHEN BABY'S ASLEEP
GRUMBLE AND PAY
CHANGING COLOUR
DAY OF WORSHIP
HOLIDAY BENEFITS
A MAN'S WIFE
VALUABLE AUNT
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN
FRAGILE
A SHARP TONGUE
HER MASTER
LONG WAY OFF
OUT OF FAST
RATIONAL DANCES
PAINTS AND DRAWS
ROLLING OF YOU'RE

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

[illegible] COMPETITION. [illegible] 6d. [illegible] Examples [illegible] Competition [illegible] "Bullets" [illegible] Coupons [illegible] JOHN BULL.

1. The [illegible] Competition [illegible] Coupons [illegible] Competition [illegible] Coupons [illegible] Competition [illegible] Coupons

Scientific Correction for Foot Ailments

DR. SCHOLL'S TOE-FLEX corrects bunions, straightens cramped and distorted toes by mechanical action. Made of finest, soft surgical rubber, it gently restores the joint to its normal position, thus relieving strain and allowing perfect muscular action.

Men's and Women's sizes, prices 2/- each.

Foot aches and foot pains usually result from a weakening of some part of the foot structure, causing undue strain on the ligaments and muscles which support the arches of the foot.

Weak or flat foot, bunions, corns, callouses on the sole, hammer-toes, run-over heels, weak ankles, etc., are common foot troubles that can be easily remedied.

Dr Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances

are designed on strictly anatomical, scientific and practical lines to give instant relief and permanent correction to every type of foot ailment, and to restore the weakened foot structure to its normal condition.

Being adjustable to individual requirements "Scholl" Appliances give perfect foot comfort immediately. Worn in the usual footwear unobserved, they preserve its shape.

Name and address of nearest dealer and Dr. Scholl's booklet free on request.

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., LTD.,
123, Giltspur Street, London, E.C.1.

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION REDUCER

protects the sensitive, inflamed area from pressure. Reduces the enlargement by absorption, and stops shoe bulging. Rights and lefts in Men's and Women's sizes. Each 2/6.

DR. SCHOLL'S WALK-STRATE HEEL PADS

for run-over heels. Preserve shape of shoes and ensure them wearing down evenly. Price per pair 1/6.

DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT-EASER

Weak, flat feet—ankles that ache and turn, relieved instantly and corrected permanently by this appliance. Men's or Women's sizes. Price 10/6 per pair.

DR. SCHOLL'S THREE NECESSITIES.

An ideal home treatment combining Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap, Foot Balm and Foot Powder. Soothing and invigorating. For tired, aching, burning and tender feet. Dr. Scholl's Three Necessities used regularly will keep your feet healthy and strong. Absolutely invaluable to all troubled by foot ailments. The set of three packed in boxes suitable for holiday use. Can be obtained singly if required. Price per set 6/-

PEDICO FOOT BALM

A soothing cream-like preparation for rubbing into the skin after using Pedico Foot Soap. Refreshing and penetrating. Specially helpful for hot tender and perspiring feet. Per jar, 2/-

PEDICO FOOT POWDER

Antiseptic and deodorising. A wonderful relief to hot tender and perspiring feet. Cool and refreshing. Sprinkled over the feet and into the shoe or stocking. Per tin, 2/-

PEDICO FOOT SOAP

A granulated and antiseptic soap containing medical and chemical ingredients to thoroughly cleanse the feet. Stimulates bad circulation. Removes bad odours. Per tin, 2/-

COMBINED BOX 6/-

DR SCHOLL'S ZINO PADS

In three sizes for corns, bunions and callouses. Prevent rubbing, pressure and friction. Self adhesive—no strapping. Put one on, the pain is gone. Price per packet 1/-

DR. SCHOLL'S NU-GRIP HEEL LINER

Prevents the shoe slipping, stops irritation of the heel and "fraying through" of the hose. Large and small sizes for men and women. In Black, Tan and White. Price per pair 1/6

DR. SCHOLL'S ANTERIOR METATARSAL ARCH SUPPORT

restores the arch across the ball of the foot. It relieves and corrects pressure and pain in the sole, bunions, etc. Price per pair 12/6.

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